# The Outlook

FEBRUARY 28, 1923

## A DOMESTIC EXCHANGE RATE

A SUBSCRIBER in Fargo, North Dakota, sends $5 for renewing his subscription to The Outlook and adds: "Isn't it substantial proof to the effect that The Outlook is fully appreciated in a community where a subscriber is willing to pay approximately the price of four carloads of tip-top potatoes for his year's subscription?"

In proof of this amazing statement of the exchange rate for agricultural products, he sends a clipping from the Fargo "Forum" containing a photographic reproduction of a check received by Mr. Nelson, a farmer, for a car-load of potatoes and of the bill for expenses for getting the potatoes to market. The Fargo "Forum" says that several other cars of potatoes which were shipped from North Dakota have brought returns of less than $10.

A North Dakota farmer comments on his sale as follows:

> It will be noted that the car was originally sold for 80 cents per 100 pounds, so the potatoes must have arrived in fairly good shape. Yet out of the $336 for which the car was sold, Mr. Nelson gets but $1.30 in payment for all of his work of planting, cultivating, digging, hauling, and sorting. And he had to pay for his seed and sacks besides.
>
> We do not know where the blame lies, although the freight charge of 43 cents per 100, $180.60 on the car, or more than half of the gross price at Minneapolis, seems out of all proportion to the returns the farmer gets.
>
> The potato sacks in this car-load cost between $30 and $40. Will some manufacturer kindly step forward and tell the audience how long he could remain in business if his goods were sold on a similar basis to Mr. Nelson's potatoes?

## Car of Potatoes Sold in Minneapolis For $336 Brings N. D. Farmer $1.30

No. 8150 Minneapolis, Minn., January 17, 192 3

THE MINNESOTA POTATO EXCHANGE

PAY TO THE ORDER OF

N. P. Nelson Leal, N. D. $1.30

ONE DOLLAR THIRTY CENTS DOLLARS

The Minnesota Potato Exchange

To UNION STATE BANK Minneapolis, Minnesota By Joe Smith MANAGER

No. 8150

This check is Full payment for Car Soo 150316 Lot 5693 Commodity Potatoes Weight 42000#

Price per cwt. .80 Destination Brought Forward $ 336.00

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Amount of Sale | $ | Advance | $ |
| Freight | $ | Our Charges | 42.00 |
| Demurage | | Inspection | 4.00 |
| Reconsigning | | Freight @ 43¢ | 180.60 |
| Car Rental | | Option @ 7¢ | 29.40 |
| Protection | | Heater Detention | 2.00 |
| Collection | | Frt Investigate | 28.20 |
| | Allowance A/c quality 5¢ Cwt. | | 21.00 |
| | Shrinkage 3630# | | 27.22 |
| | Scale | | .28 |
| Total | $ | Total Charges | 334.70 |
| Net Returns | $ | Check to Balance | $ 1.30 |

A CLIPPING FROM THE FARGO "FORUM" WHICH TELLS THE WHOLE GRAPHIC STORY OF THE POTATOES THAT WENT TO MARKET AND BROUGHT HOME $1.30

## THE VETERANS' BUREAU—A TEST OF PRESIDENT HARDING

MR. FORBES, head of the Veterans' Bureau, has handed his resignation to the President, to take effect on February 28. The resignation is offered on the grounds of illness.

The welfare of the Veterans' Bureau is of primary concern to the Nation. No department of the Government, except the practically self-supporting Post Office Department, handles a larger sum of money than this single Bureau. What is even more important, no department so vitally and so immediately affects the life and happiness of thousands as this Bureau, to which is intrusted the care and rehabilitation of those Americans who suffered most from the World War. Few Americans are big enough to take over the job of handling this Bureau. There is none too big.

Something more than a big man is needed for this task. It should be given, if possible, to a big man whose name in itself is a guaranty that the reign of politics, patronage, and pettiness has come to an end. When we think of the requirements of the Veterans' Bureau, we think of such men as General Wood and General Crowder. We do not believe that the country will be satisfied with an appointment of a man of less importance or whose name is less familiar than these.

The office calls for a man with a long record as a successful handler of men. It calls for a man who is willing to take the advice of experts and capable of acting upon it. It calls for a man who, like Gorgas at Panama, is not afraid of spending money when spending is necessary to speed work that means the saving of minds and lives. It calls for a man who is not afraid to be called hard-boiled because he denies the importunities of politicians seeking for special favors.

If there is any political consideration which deserves attention in this connection, it is this. There is nothing which the Harding Administration can do which will so move the country to its support as a fit appointment to the head of the Veterans' Bureau. The President's selection for this office may easily be the deciding factor in the next National election.

## OUR GOVERNMENTAL PICTURE PUZZLE

FOR more than eighteen months a joint committee of Congress has been making a study of the executive branch of the Federal Government. The functions of the various divisions have been surveyed and analyzed chiefly with respect to their interrelation with other divisions, the primary purpose of the survey being to regroup these units more suitably to perform the public service if possible.

The work has received the enthusias-



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tic support of the President. Indeed, the idea of reorganization originated with Mr. Harding before he assumed his duties as Chief Executive. As President-elect he announced his desire to have at least two of the chief departments—War and Navy—combined into a more compact and closely knit organization under a single directing head.

When Congress authorized the reorganization survey, the President's personal representative, Walter F. Brown, was selected to head the joint committee.

The plan involved major changes and shiftings of departments, bureaus, and independent offices. For that reason, though it was not laid down as an ironclad submission from which no deviation was intended, it drew the fire of several of the secretaries most concerned. President Harding, hopeful of adjusting the differences among his official family, allowed the plan to remain long in his possession.

Official jealousies, however, like old scars, are hard to eradicate. Secretaries of departments hold fast to what they have got, it soon developed. They were willing to part with a bureau with the same enthusiasm as they would manifest in parting with an eye, an arm, or a leg. Unofficial propagandists, keen to scent the conflict of views, added somewhat to the feeling by public opposition or approval of this or that reported proposal.

After more than a year spent largely in efforts to reconcile conflicting Cabinet views, the President has recently returned to Mr. Brown the plan, somewhat altered, for consideration of the joint committee and of Congress, which of course must authorize the changes proposed before they can be made effective. The joint committee has made it public almost on the eve of the adjournment of the present session, and with so scant a margin of time remaining before Congress winds up its affairs that action, favorable or otherwise, is certain of postponement.

## THE PIECES THAT MUST BE MADE TO FIT

THE executive agencies of the Federal Government as at present constituted are grouped in ten major departments and thirty-three independent offices. In the ten departments alone there are more than one hundred separate bureaus, whose work in many instances is intimately related and may in a few cases slightly overlap. It has been deemed desirable to bring together bureaus whose main purpose is close kin; to place under departmental heads some of the independent offices of minor import; to co-ordinate, so far as possible, the complexities of our modern government at least, even if those complexities may not be removed.

First and foremost, it is to be noted that it is not proposed to take the Forest Bureau away from the Agricultural Department. The opposition to that idea has been strong and sound.

Important changes and modifications of the present organization are proposed under the plan. The Departments of War and the Navy, for instance, are down on the programme for union (in accord with Mr. Harding's pre-inauguration ideas) in a single Department of Defense. The Post Office Department is to be broadened in name, if not in actual duties, the recommendation being made that hereafter it shall be the Department of Communications. One notices that provision is made for the establishment of a new office therein, Assistant Secretary for Telephone and Telegraph. Perhaps the day of the mailgram is nearer than we realize.

The Postmaster-General under the new scheme would become the Secretary of Communications.

Creation of a new Department of Education and Welfare, to be composed wholly of bureaus and other agencies now in other departments or existing as independent offices, is proposed. The units of the new Department, it goes without saying, would have as their main purpose educational and welfare work. Among them one finds the present Bureau of Education, the Smithsonian Institution, the Indian schools, the National Museum, the Public Health Service, Soldiers' Homes, parts of the Women's Bureau and the Children's Bureau, the Veterans' Bureau, and the Bureau of Pensions. Measured by the yardstick of expenditure, the new Department would outrank any now in existence with the single possible exception of the Treasury Department, which is charged with the administration of public debt and interest affairs.

Secretary Hoover's hustling Department would find new work to do under the proposed reorganization. The extensive and almost invaluable trade statistical work now devolving upon the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce would be taken over and enlarged, presumably, by a new Bureau of Federal Statistics; the customs branch of the Treasury's work would pass into closer communion with trade and commerce in the Department of Commerce; the Bureau of Mines and the Geological Survey would be transferred to Commerce; a new Bureau of Transportation would be created, and the Patent Office would be taken over from the Interior Department.

The Bureau of the Budget would be elevated to the status of an independent office, passing from the Treasury establishment. There would be established also a new Bureau of Purchase and Supply as an independent office, presumably to unify the Government's far-flung and wholly decentralized purchasing activities.

One of the proposals concerning which there probably will be much ado both in and out of Congress relates to the supervision of rivers and harbors work. Under the programme this would pass from the direction of the War Department to the Department of Commerce.

A more thorough and extensive rearrangement has never been officially proposed. Without doubt the proposal will engage the attention of the next Congress to a marked degree. A resolution has been introduced as this is written extending, until July 1, 1924, the committee's time limit for preparing legislation to make the plan effective. The committee probably will need all the time the resolution contemplates.

## CONGRESS DRAWS TO A CLOSE

ALTHOUGH Congress is not very popular, and the Senate in particular has fallen in public esteem, our National legislators deserve credit for some of their recent achievements.

As we have pointed out heretofore, Congress has deprived the appropriation bills of some of their worst terrors by adopting a National budget system and making appropriations according to that system. Instead of allowing these huge measures to pile up as a great barrier to other legislation in the closing days of a session, Congress has put them out of the way with remarkable expedition and with the exercise of unwonted economy. Nevertheless Congress has not quite held true to its own principles. It has appropriated millions of dollars for rivers and harbors which the Budget Bureau did not recommend. Congress has set itself there a bad precedent which we hope it will not follow.

With commendable promptness, the Senate has followed the House in approving, with only minor amendments, the plan for funding the British debt. One of these amendments is minor only in the sense that it does not affect the British debt plan. It is important, because it provides that the funding of other debts shall be in each case subject to approval by Congress.

Unfortunately, the Senate cannot seem to prevent an obstructive minority from withholding even from action measures upon which the majority of the Senate wish apparently to vote. At any rate, barely twelve legislative days

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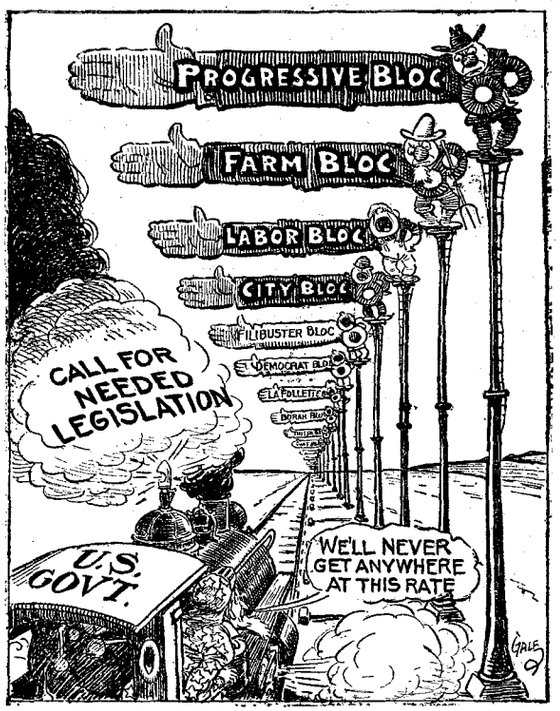
# PERUSE THE TRADERS

*(Comedy of Errors, Act I, Scene 2)*

*Gale in the Los Angeles Times*




THE BLOC SYSTEM

From Harold D. Dale, El Segundo, California

*Hungerford in the Pittsburgh Sun*

THE PINCH IN PINCHOT

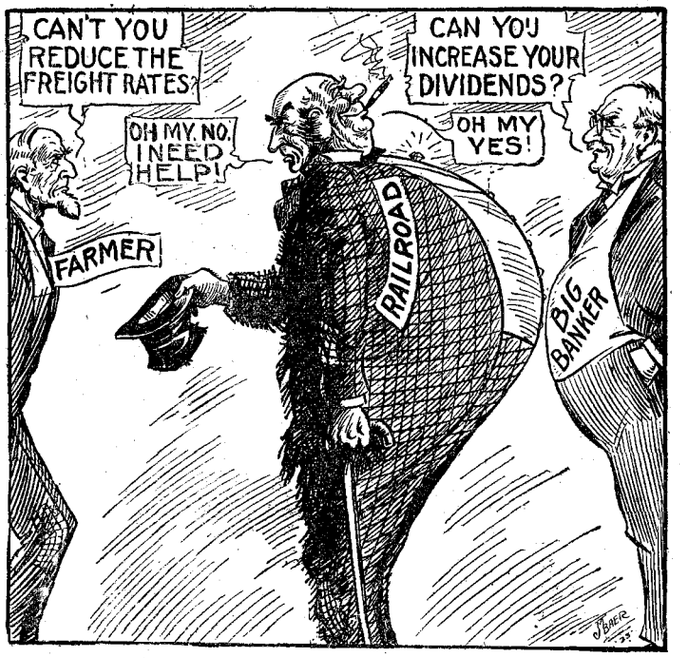
From A. R. Leopold, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

*Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger*

"TH' POOR FISH!"

From Anne S. Eissler, Philadelphia, Pa.

*Maer in Capper's Weekly*




JANUS, THE TWO-FACED, HAD NOTHING ON THIS

From Mrs. Max L. Johnston, Linden, Michigan

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(C) Underwood

FRENCH SOLDIERS MAKING FRIENDS WITH GERMAN CHILDREN BY THROWING CANDIES INTO THE AIR FOR THEM ALONG THE RHINE-HERNE CANAL

before adjournment the Senate seemed powerless to bring the Ship Subsidy Bill to a vote.

The proposed amendment to the Constitution bearing Senator Norris's name, which would put the newly elected Congress as well as the President into office in January after election, would, if adopted, bring about a very important and desirable reform. We do not believe, however, that it is necessary; and an unnecessary amendment is certainly objectionable. There is no reason which seems to us conclusive against bringing about that reform by the simple enactment of Federal law. It is too late to expect this Congress to do it, but we should like to see the next Congress pass such a law, so that the Congress and the President elected in 1924 may take office in January, 1925.

## IS THE ANGLO-FRENCH ENTENTE IN DANGER?

At present the British soldiers in the occupied region of Germany are in the anomalous position of symbolizing an understanding with France and at the same time of obstructing France's purpose.

It is through the zone that is occupied by British troops that the shortest and best route between certain regions of France and the Ruhr passes. The British have not proved, so far, willing to take the responsibility of strikes in that region if they allow increased traffic on account of the Ruhr occupation to pass through. If, on the other hand, the British should withdraw and hand over that region to the French, it would be generally regarded as the virtual termination of the Entente that saved both France and Britain against the plans and actions of Germany.

Minor incidents in the Ruhr indicate a tendency on the part of some of the Germans to pass beyond the bounds of passive resistance; but there is no indication so far of anything except sporadic and futile displays of force.

In resisting the French the German Government has apparently been employing resources that might have been used for reparations. As E. L. James, a correspondent of the New York "Times," points out, the rise in value of the German mark within the last two weeks indicates that the German Government could have prevented the depreciation of the mark before, and is therefore added evidence that the depreciation of the mark has been a part of the deliberate plan of the Germans to escape their just obligations.

There seems to be no disposition on the part of either the American Government or the British Government to bring any pressure upon Germany to do in reparation for her own acts what even her own industrialist, Stinnes, has said Germany ought to have and could have done.

## THE BLUFF THAT DIDN'T WORK

The indications are that the Turks now regret their attempt to terrify Great Britain and France by ordering the withdrawal of all war-vessels of over one thousand tons from the harbor of Smyrna, and their later threats that mines were being laid in that harbor and that no foreign warships should enter. The immediate result was a firm refusal by the two Great Powers to remove their ships and the despatch of other war-vessels to Smyrna. Such a situation would seem to be fraught with extreme danger, and even now a tragic incident, such as was the blowing up of our battleship Maine in the harbor of Havana, might lead to serious consequences. The probabilities, however, as the situation looks up to February 20, are that, in the language of card players, Turkey's bluff has been called. Ismet Pasha is now in Angora and, it is said, urges the acceptance of the treaty offered.

The break-up of the Lausanne Conference was due to the insistence of the Turkish delegates, pushed on as they were by the unreasoning national fervor of the Angora Parliament, that the Government they are trying to set up over Turkey should be regarded by the world precisely like any well-established national government, and that no conditions should be imposed upon Turkey because of her war activities against the Allies or because of her historic unwillingness to deal reasonably with minorities and foreigners.

So much had been granted to the Turks because of their military success over the Greeks and for the sake of establishing peace that they became arrogant to the point of defying all Europe. The result has been apparently to unite France with Great Britain in resistance when the point beyond which compromise should go was reached.

At Chanak it was, in a sense, the British who were bluffing. They had a small force, waiting to be strengthened and facing a larger victorious Turkish army. But the British troops were there to stay, and stay they did. The Turks realized that if they wiped out these British soldiers they would be in for a long and serious war. So they yielded to the bluff, accepted the liberal terms offered in the Mudania armistice and have since been trying hard to find how much more they could get.

## NEW PEACE POSSIBILITIES IN IRELAND

There have been various indications of late that the Irish Republicans are becoming disposed to discuss conditions for the cessation of the murderous attacks they affect to regard as warfare. The policy of the Free State Government in executing convicted followers of De Valera who have committed or encouraged acts of violence has apparently convinced the leaders of the insurrectionists that their attempts will ultimately prove hopeless.

At all events, there was at first much joy expressed in the statement attributed to De Valera that he and his fol

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(C) Keystone

GERMAN MINE OWNERS CHEERED AS THEIR TRAIN PASSES THROUGH COLOGNE AFTER THEIR TRIAL BEFORE THE FRENCH COURT MARTIAL AT MAINZ

lowers would lay down arms if the Free State officials would agree to a referendum. The proposal seemed reasonable, but when De Valera later explained his ideas it took on a different aspect. He insisted that before such a referendum should be taken the British Government should give assurance that, if the vote were in favor of a Republic, no obstacle would be put to the establishment of a Republic.

This is not what it at first seems to be; the question is, and has been, not whether Ireland should have a Free State Government or an established and recognized Republic, but whether it should have a Free State Government or the horrible and wretched condition that has existed for some years past. Practically, the voters of Ireland have already indicated their preference for the Free State rather than for barbarous civil war, and there is no manner of doubt that they would be glad to do so again; but it is quite a different thing to ask them whether they would prefer to have a Republic or a Free State, under an agreement that Great Britain and all Irish factions should support whichever one on the vote. It is a perfectly well-known fact that many of the Irish patriots who supported the Free State scheme did so without relinquishing their hope that ultimately Ireland might become an absolutely independent country. These Irish leaders and voters would not be blamed if they voted for a Republic in this kind of referendum.

Another indication of possible peace has been the publication of proposals coming from what is called the Association of Neutral Members of the Irish Republican Army, said to represent twenty thousand persons. These proposals suggest cessation of all military activities, acts of aggression, arrests, trials, and executions during a truce, with the assumption that in the meantime a satisfactory plan for a Dominion form of government could be found.

## HUGHES AS A TREATY SIGNER

Secretary Hughes has added this month to the list of treaties which he has signed, or in the framing of which he has participated during his two years as Secretary of State. While ambassadors and ministers or special envoys frequently are signatories on behalf of their governments of treaties or conventions, Mr. Hughes had never signed such a document until after he came into his present position.

Leading the list, both in time and importance, are the treaties which he signed during the sessions of the Conference on Limitation of Armament. These were the Five-Power Naval Limitation Treaty and the Submarine and Poison Gas Treaty; the Four-Power Pacific Treaty; and the Far Eastern and Chinese Tariff Treaties signed by eight Powers. During the progress of the Conference an agreement was reached with Japan over the Yap mandate and a treaty with Japan signed on that subject. In addition, during the Armament Conference Secretary Hughes, along with Arthur James (now Earl) Balfour, used his good offices and was present at the signing by Japan and China of their Shantung agreement.

Last summer, through his informal good offices, Mr. Hughes brought about an adjustment of the differences between Chile and Peru, which led to the signing by their delegates here of a protocol and supplementary act providing for the submission to the arbitration of President Harding of their Tacna-Arica territorial controversy. Secretary Hughes was a witness, in the Hall of the Americas, of the Pan-American Union building, to the signing of this significant document, as well as to the later exchange of ratifications of the treaty, which took place in the same hall between the Chilean and Peruvian Ambassadors here.

At the Conference on Central American Affairs, just concluded, twelve treaties and three protocols were signed, most of them only by the delegates from the five Central American countries. Secretary Hughes, however, had participated in the discussion and drafting of all the agreements. One treaty and one protocol were signed on this occasion by the United States. During the progress of the same Conference, although on the outside, Secretary Hughes signed a protocol with Costa Rica in regard to her canal rights.

Another treaty which is on the way, and which probably will be negotiated in the near future, is with Panama. Secretary Hughes already has given this his careful consideration, the purpose of the proposed pact being to clear up some differences which have existed

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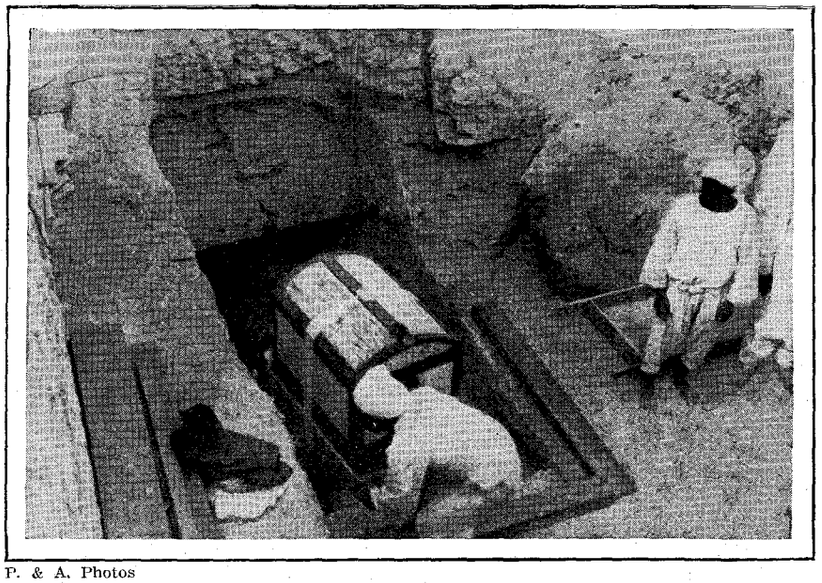

P. & A. Photos

MOVING DAY AT TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB—A BOX RESEMBLING A MODERN TRUNK BEING REMOVED FROM THE KING'S SEPULCHER. THE BOX CONTAINED VALUABLE FABRICS

for some years as to the use of the Canal Zone and interpretation of several sections of the Panama Canal Treaty.

Thus in the number of important treaties which he has signed and in the framing of which he has had part Secretary Hughes has probably established a record.

## THE TOMB OF A PHARAOH

JUST as in fiction suspense is what holds attention, so in the discovery of the marvels of Tutankhamen's tomb the reading world has been grasped and held by a feeling of expectancy. Never in the history of Egyptology or exploration at large has there been such universal curiosity. The expectancy still continues, although it is almost certain that the mummy of the King lies within an inner sarcophagus now hidden, first, by the gorgeously canopied tabernacle which takes up almost all of the burial chamber, and, secondly, by a shrine or outer casket visible within the canopy.

There are questions that may not be solved for weeks or months, because the difficulties of taking down the structure now in sight are almost baffling; it seems to have been built bit by bit around and over the sarcophagus, and as the sealed entrance through which the explorers broke is at the opposite end of the chamber from the beautiful gates of the shrine, while the space around the walls is so narrow that a fairly portly gentleman like General Allenby had trouble getting through, it will be a hard, tedious job to detach and remove everything without injuring anything.

One question still to be answered is, whether the King has on his breast or between his feet a Royal Book of the Dead. Books of the Dead have often been found, but not one of the kind buried with kings, and while these papyrus volumes are religious rather than historical, it may be hoped that Tutankhamen's Book may throw light on the change before his reign from a plural-god theology to a monotheistic belief and back again to the ancient orthodoxy. Will papyri documents be found? None have been found in the tomb up to this time, but there are possibilities. Lord Carnarvon states that not one Pharaoh has before been seen enshrined and unplundered, as this one is firmly believed to be. What are in the boxes that are in the chamber with open-arched entrance beyond the shrine? What can be gleaned from the wall inscriptions? Is there anything to throw light on Biblical problems—Arthur Weigall, formerly of the Egyptian Department of Antiquities, is inclined to believe that this is that very Pharaoh of the hard heart who was forced to let the Israelites go forth from Egypt. The questions crowding on the learned men who know how to interpret antiquity are endless. Long after the popular excitement and curiosity are allayed, archæologists and Egyptologists will be studying problems arising from this tomb.

The actual opening of the tomb on February 15 and the ceremonial display on February 17 of the treasure rooms to distinguished guests, foremost among whom was the Queen of Belgium, have been described minutely. The long suspense, when there could not but be fear that an anti-climax of empty chambers might disappoint the world; the joy and emotion at the magnificent array of the beautiful and significant structures and articles disclosed—this, and the details of the treasure trove, too extensive to admit of repetition here, have been painted in language so emotional as almost to be dithyrambic, not to say incoherent, by the authorized writers and less effusively by the flock of correspondents who are "on their own," unauthorized but practical and efficient newspaper men.

## THE PRESS AND THE PHARAOH

NOT unnaturally, the great press agencies and the papers they serve which have been ignored in the disposition of Lord Carnarvon's authorized press matter and pictures are not pleased with that arrangement. One London newspaper, the "Star," goes so far as to say: "There was something inherently indecent in the original idea of rifling a tomb and unwinding the mummy of a dead Pharaoh in the interest ostensibly of science, but in reality of the first, second, and third rights of publication, the book rights, photographic rights, cinema rights, and all the rest of the elaborate commercial bargaining which precedes an attempt to reach the North Pole or in the marketing of an ex-Minister's literary indiscretions." But it must be said that the accounts sent by representatives of Lord Carnarvon and made public through the London "Times" and the New York "Times" have been of extreme interest, and it is gratifying now to have something authoritative among all the discussions of archæologists with different theories and newspaper correspondents whose noses for news are perhaps a little better trained than their knowledge of Egyptology.

## THE FUTURE OF THE PHARAOH

WHAT shall be done with the treasures thus discovered and those which are still to appear? The feeling seems to be strong that they should be kept together, not dispersed among a dozen or so museums. The Egyptian Government has rights in the matter also. The Cairo Museum, because of damp and fogs, is said to be a poor place for preserving the many delicate fabrics and other perishable things. Dr. Flinders Petrie, a high authority, therefore suggests that a museum should be built at Luxor. On the other hand, London correspondent of the New York "Times," Professor Percy E. Newberry thinks that "the excessive heat of Luxor in summer would be just as harmful to these wonderful articles as the Cairo damp. You cannot expect them not to have deteriorated in three thousand years, even in the equable temperature of the tombs. Their best chance would be to restore them to the same kind

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conditions as have preserved them so far." This again has led to the somewhat startling suggestion that the tomb itself might be enlarged by excavation and an underground museum constructed. The practicability of such a scheme is doubtful, but if carried out it would certainly prove an original attraction to tourists and students. Rider Haggard's suggestion that all the Pharaohs available should be collected and re-entombed in the Great Pyramid of Cheops is at least equally fantastic and is chiefly actuated by a sentiment of reverence for the dead rather than by the scientific spirit.

Lord Carnarvon and his lieutenant, Howard Carter (who, by the way, is not an American, as was at first mistakenly asserted), are to be congratulated upon the remarkable success of the long, patient exploration work carried on under their auspices and superintendence. The results have added immensely to our interest in the early pages of history and of the progress of civilization.

### PRIVATE SUPPORT FOR A PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE first thought of most people on reading of the munificent gift of $6,000,000 to the New York City Public Library, after they have duly recognized the public spirit of the donors and the value to all citizens of the gift, will be, Why should the American metropolis, with its five million people and of inestimable wealth, neglect to provide support and maintenance for its library?

The fact is that in New York City the state of affairs which usually obtains in small towns as regards libraries is precisely reversed. In countless small towns in the vicinity of New York and elsewhere will be found public libraries the buildings of which have been paid for through private philanthropy, while the books are paid for out of the public taxes. New York City's great and beautiful building was paid for from public money, but there is at present no provision from public funds for the purchase of books—that is to say, the annual tax appropriation for the Public Library is now sufficient only to pay for its proper maintenance, exclusive of the purchase of books. For some years, therefore, as a matter of fact, the books purchased have been paid for with money obtained through private gifts.

It would be hard to overestimate the importance of the book-purchasing side of a great public library. In New York City there are a million readers of books and forty-two branch libraries, the chief function of which is to circulate books.

One benefit that should accrue from the munificent donation of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Mr. Payne Whitney, and Mr. Edward S. Harkness may well be to call attention to the obvious need of sufficient appropriations by the City of New York to enable the Library to keep abreast of modern thought and modern progress and modern desire for reading. The $6,000,000 now contributed (half from Mr. Rockefeller) will increase the endowment fund of the Public Library from $15,000,000 to $21,000,000. In itself this seems an enormous sum, but those who know the requirements of such an institution as would do honor to the city and the country and compare favorably with the great libraries of London and Paris say that an additional endowment of $500,000 a year will be necessary. The generosity of the present donors may well lead to similar action from other men of wealth and taste.

The proof that New York City is not doing its full duty in its support of the Public Library is seen in the statistical statement that out of thirty-six large American cities New York stands fourth from the last in its per capita library appropriation, and that, while Cleveland spends $1.08 per head of population for library purposes, New York spends about 40 cents. No one wants a 40-cent library in New York City.

## CAN A COURT PREVENT WAR?

A MAN is sitting at his desk in an office. He calls his stenographer and dictates a letter in which he gives instructions concerning the shipping of some goods. He answers a ring at the telephone, hears an inquiry concerning the details of a transaction, and gives his answer. As he hangs up the receiver he finds at his side an associate who comes to confer with him about some arrangements within the office force. So throughout the day this man is getting facts, reaching conclusions, and making decisions.

Another man in the same city on the same day takes up his morning paper and is suddenly reminded by what he reads that there is a special election in his district to decide whether he and his neighbors shall be taxed to carry out a certain public policy. He reads in his newspaper two or three letters from interested citizens on the subject pro and con. He is confirmed in the opinion which he has already formed, and goes around to the polling-place and casts his ballot. He, too, has ascertained facts, reached conclusions, and rendered a decision.

Meantime in another part of the city a man is sitting behind a long desk on a raised platform and is listening to the arguments of two men who alternately rise and speak to him. He is a judge. He is also being acquainted with facts, reaching conclusions, and rendering decisions.

It would seem that in these three cases the processes were very much alike. As a matter of fact, they are very different. How different they are it becomes at once apparent if it is proposed that the questions which any one of them have to decide should be left to the process and authority of either of the others.

The questions decided by the first man are administrative.

The questions decided by the second man are political.

The questions decided by the third man are judicial.

These three kinds of questions cannot perhaps be always precisely distinguished. Some questions seem to be part judicial, part administrative; others part administrative, part political; and still others part political, part judicial. Nevertheless the distinction between administrative, political, and judicial questions is recognized as essential. For that reason it is necessary to separate administrative, political, and judicial functions in government.

The management of the Post Office, for instance, is distinctly an administrative function. It ought to be kept administrative. One of the hardest fights for good government has centered about the effort to keep politics out of the Post Office and the Post Office out of politics. If it is important to preserve the right of the administrator to decide his questions administratively, however, it is equally important to preserve the right of those who have political power to exercise it without interference. The question, for instance, as to whether Mr. Harding or Mr. Cox should be President was a political question, and no one would think of tolerating the proposal that that question be decided by any board of administrators or any body of judges. At the same time judicial questions should be decided, not by administrators, not by political power, but by judicial authority, and any encroachment upon the function of the judge by any other body is dangerous and hurtful. We all recognize the distinction between these three kinds of questions and the corresponding functions in domestic government.

What does not seem to be generally recognized, however, is that there are the same three different kinds of questions arising in international affairs.

There are international questions of administration. Perhaps the most familiar of administrative relations be-

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tween nations are those relating to the mails. The International Postal Union is perhaps the most general and familiar instance of organization for international administrative purposes. Administrative relations are the most common. They involve an enormous amount of routine. They should be, and generally are, intrusted to men whose business is solely administrative.

Between nations there are also questions of politics. These questions cannot be decided by administrators, for they are questions primarily of will. Just as the question of selecting a policy for the Nation in domestic affairs is referred to the prevailing will of the political power—whether that be the power of a despot in an absolute monarchy, or of a small group in an oligarchy, or the majority of the voters in a Republic like the United States—so questions of policy as between nations must be decided by a prevailing will. In the United States that will is determined by ballot and is enforced by command over the Nation's purse. In one instance the ballot did not suffice, and the prevailing will had to be determined by resort to arms in the war of 1861. In international affairs there is no method of appeal to decision by ballot, and even if there were, there is no power which could enforce such a decision by exercising the power over the world's purse. Therefore the nations have resorted to other means. Ordinarily, they have found diplomacy sufficient. When two national wills conflict, there is usually an interchange of views between diplomatic representatives, and the will of each nation is somewhat constrained by the will of the other. The result is generally a compromise. It is when a compromise is not secured and the will of each nation remains inflexible that there arises occasion for war.

It should be plain that in such an exigency there is no occasion for the function of the judge. Even as an alternative to war, nations are as unwilling as voters are to leave political questions to a judicial court. The purpose of a court is to decide what is right and just under the law; but it is not the function of a court to determine what the will of the people is, or how the will of the people should operate. This is as true in international as it is in national affairs.

Two questions at once arise. First, Is there no place, then, for an international court of justice? Second, As a means of adjusting national wills, is there no alternative to war?

There is most emphatically a place for an international court of justice. In spite of cynical statements to the contrary, one of the most powerful forces in the world to-day is the force of international law. It is as real and as definite as any national or domestic law. It has often been violated and in the World War it was often disregarded, but it remained solid and effective nevertheless. If it had not been for international law, under which the United States had certain rights which Germany violently infringed, it is not likely that the United States would have entered the war. America fought, for one reason, in order to enforce her just and legal rights. Though a permanent law court of the nations has not been necessary in order that international law should grow and be recognized, it is most desirable. Such a court has been organized. It is known as the Permanent Court of International Justice. Its purpose is to apply international conventions, international custom, the general principles of law, and, subject to certain conditions, the decisions and teachings of highly qualified publicists. This Court has power also to decide a case according to the dictates of justice and fairness, or, as the legal phrase is, *ex æquo et bono*. On that Court there is already an American Judge, though America herself is not officially represented. We hope that before long the United States will expressly adhere to the protocol under which that Court will function.

It must not, however, be expected that Court, such, for example, as that Sena- adherence to this Court (or to any other tor Borah proposes for outlawing war) will render war impossible, or even improbable. The newly established Permanent Court of International Justice will, we hope and believe, reduce the number of occasions for war, but it will not reach war's causes. No court of law can adjust conflicting political wills.

And no League of Nations can prevent war, because no League of Nations can ever command the world's purse. The great function of the League of Nations as it is constituted to-day is proving to be neither judicial nor political, but administrative. In exercising the administrative function it is doing good service; but it can never do its best service in that respect until it is completely shorn of its claims to political power—that is, to power over the policies of nations.

Although neither a League of Nations as an administrative body nor an International Court as a judicial body can reach the causes of war because neither can be effective in controlling national wills and therefore national policies, there is a way of avoiding war if the nations wish to find that way. It is not by departing from the methods of diplomacy, but by extending those methods and organizing them. In order to secure a political result it is necessary to use a political means. If there is to be peaceful adjustment among the conflicting wills of nations, it must be by means which represent the nations' wills.

The Washington Conference of 1921–2 showed one way. There the wills of the nations were represented, and through that Conference the wills of the nations themselves, of the peoples constituting those nations and not merely their governments, were modified and adjusted and brought together. It is only nations in which good will prevails and which have given evidence of good faith that can unite in this way. If such nations are not in the majority in the world, they may keep peace among themselves, but they cannot hope for peace with other nations. If they are in the majority, then it devolves upon them to find means of coming together promptly when peace and justice are threatened by nations of bad will and bad faith.

Nations have found such means in the past. Such an agreement, for instance, as the Four Power Pacific Treaty, which automatically brings nations together when an exigency arises, will enable good will to function promptly. But no mere machinery can take the place of will to justice and through justice to peace.

## TAKING DUMMIES FROM HOOKS

IT is no longer the fashion to capitalize the Virtues and Vices and to present such abstractions as full-fledged characters. This does not mean, however, that our books and our plays are wholly free from a formalism as entirely unreal as that which decreed that good should always be good and bad always horrid. Two plays of a totally different character which are now enjoying successful runs in New York bring this thought to mind. The plays are "Rain," by W. Somerset Maugham, and "Merton of the Movies," by Harry Leon Wilson.

"Merton of the Movies" is an amusing satire on one of the Nation's foremost industries. Most effectively it holds up to ridicule the flap-doodle of movie stardom and the false romance and glamour encumbering movie temperaments. What brings "Merton of the Movies" into this discussion is not the exaggerated picture of the movie world, but the fact that the opening scene is laid in the country store and that the countrymen therein portrayed are as absurdly drawn as any of the movie heroes and villains at which the author of the play aims the shafts of his wit.

The farmer on the American stage has become as conventionalized and as

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unreal as any vaudeville Irishman whose chin is circumvallated by whiskers of fiery red. We do not presume to apportion the responsibility for these stage farmers between the author, the actors, or the producer, but if we were Lord High Muck-a-Muck of the American drama, we would make it at least obligatory upon any actor who was given a part located more than forty-five minutes from Broadway to attend at least one annual convention of a poultrymen's, fruit growers', or stock raisers' association.

"Rain" is, so far as literary quality, dramatic power, and characterization are concerned, a much more serious piece of work than "Merton of the Movies." It deals with a kind of evangelical fanaticism which does exist and which recognizes nothing in Christianity beyond the limits of its narrow formulas. The part of minister in the play is realistic and individual, although we suspect that it was meant as a picture of a general class. Because it was well drawn and powerfully acted, the part escaped from the charge of being a mere lay figure lifted from a convenient hook. But it does suggest that most dramatists are blind in one eye when it comes to dealing with clerical character. So far as we can remember, ministers are always presented either as fanatics or chicken-breasted good men of a character which would elevate nothing heavier or more worth while than a cup of tea.

There really are, O dramatists, strong men who are also good, and good men who are quite as dynamic in character as some of the heavy-fisted captains of industry who have appeared upon the stage. For variety's sake, if nothing else, why not lay aside the chin-whiskered farmer and the ministers who have no middle ground between teacups and the rack? Why not let these stage dummies hang peacefully on their hooks for a while and try presenting figures which move and have their being in a world of flesh and blood?

# AMERICA AT CONSTANTINOPLE

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

FOLLOWING the rupture here at Lausanne between the Entente Allies and the Turks, there may be uneasy days at Constantinople for the foreigners there.

The armistice of Mudania was to last only throughout the period of the Lausanne Conference. With the rupture, and the departure of the delegations, the Conference is, it is announced, merely adjourned; hence the armistice continues.

But if there should be no healing of the rupture and the Conference is terminated, then there is a resumption of the state of war. War technically exists, not merely between Turkey and Greece, but also between Turkey and the Allies.

In the event of a resumption of hostilities, Mr. Perceval Landon, of the London "Telegraph," as well informed a correspondent as may be found here, tells me of his expectation that any Turkish armed attempt would be in the direction of Mosul, rather than of Constantinople, and that, even as to Mosul, he does not look for it before the middle of April.

On the other hand, he feels some apprehension lest the Greeks, on their eastern border of Western Thrace, can be restrained. Their numbers are reported to be some 60,000. Facing them, in Eastern Thrace, the Turks have only scanty artillery, comparatively speaking, though it has recently been reinforced by about 60 guns and some 35,000 men from Asia Minor.

Uneasiness with regard to Constantinople, however, will persist, and for the following reason: In all wars in which Turkey has borne a part the Turkish army has always felt that it had a right to the looting of any captured city—indeed, the same feeling generally prevails with all nationalities in the Near East. Hence after the recent Turkish capture of Smyrna there was the usual three days' looting; it did not, however, go beyond the three-day limit. Moreover, Turkish soldiers protected the American International College and other American institutions there.

Constantinople is still under Allied control. But suppose some one of the Allied forces be withdrawn—it is even rumored that the French are already withdrawing theirs. Or, if this supposition be excluded, suppose the Turks attack their own Constantinople from within and without and loot it. Suppose, in short, that the foreigners there are in danger. What then?

The British, Mr. Landon tells me, have 37,000 men there to bring to bear on the situation. Moreover, more warships are proceeding thither to reinforce those already there. The Cardiff, flagship of the Third Light Cruiser Squadron, with Admiral Chatfield aboard, the battleships Resolution and Royal Sovereign, together with the cruiser Birmingham, are due in a day or two. As an appropriate background, the rest of the British Atlantic Fleet will not be far off. This is cheering news, not only to the British, but to all foreigners in Constantinople.

As to the Americans there, in particular, they can have the satisfaction of anticipating that they and their interests will be as efficiently protected as were the Americans and their interests some months ago at Smyrna. During the overthrow of the Greeks, the capture and looting of Smyrna by the Turks, and the consequent indescribable panic among the foreigners, every American, whether native-born or naturalized (save one unfortunate, murdered in an affray), was safely and quickly transported to our destroyers. No other nation represented at Smyrna can show such a record as this.

It was the work of the Commander of our naval forces in the Near East, Rear-Admiral Mark L. Bristol. Following his period of service in the Far East, he has now, as High Commissioner as well as naval Commander, had a similar length of service in the Near East.

There have been two armistices in the Near East—the first that of Mudros in 1918, at the close of the World War, and the next, that of Mudania, very recently terminating Turco-Greek hostilities. When the Entente Allies concluded the first armistice they established an Allied High Commission to look out for whatever trouble might ensue. We had no representative on this Commission, but we did have the right candidate in Admiral Bristol. Nevertheless his official rank did not cover the situation entirely, and so some months later he was appointed High Commissioner of the United States to negotiate all matters between us and the Near East. He then became diplomatic representative as well as senior United States naval officer in Turkish waters. In addition, he has acted in an executive capacity with regard to the American Red Cross and the Near East Relief. In his latter capacity he has emphasized the fact, as has General Wood in the Philippines, that our departments of defense are not mere fighting machines, but stand equally, in these latter days at least, for humanitarian endeavors. Dr. Barton, of the Near East Relief and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, has told me of how ready Admiral Bristol has been to send our destroyers steaming from port to port in the Black Sea or the Mediterranean to transport members of the Red Cross or Near East Relief Committees, to carry stores, and to evacuate our citizens and other non-combatants from places of peril.

Should there be serious trouble at Constantinople, demandfng the landing of marines, I had supposed that our Embassy and Consulate would of course be protected. How about other American centers there? I was not so sure—in fact, not at all sure. To my great relief Admiral Bristol (who has been here as one of the principal American delegates to the Conference) assured me as follows:

"While we all hope that such protec-

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tion may not be necessary for any American center whatever in Constantinople, my plans have long been matured to meet all contingencies. Not only will the Embassy and Consulate be attended to, but half a dozen other points as well. You have visited Constantinople, and appreciate what a spiritual stronghold the Bible House there has been; so you will be glad to learn that it is one of the points in question.

"Each of these points of course includes the absorption of smaller units. For instance, at Stamboul [that part of Constantinople lying between the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora] there is an American school. Unfortunately, it cannot be easily reached either from the sea or by land in the event of trouble. So the personnel will report at the Bible House. It may even be that the Bible House, Robert College, Constantinople College, and other points of refuge would have to be given up ultimately. In this case the Americans would be convoyed to the waiting destroyers, and would then presumably be taken to ports of safety."

The above outline of our Government's procedure, in case of trouble from the Turk, will deeply interest every one who has some relative or friend at Constantinople and in the Near East. But it will also interest all American readers. It is another indication of American prevision and efficiency. It is also an indication that the right American for the task is managing it.

Lausanne, February 7, 1923.

# DRY RUSSIA

## BY EDWIN W. HULLINGER

SEPARATED by thousands of miles geographically and by historical traditions as remote as those of any two nations could be, the United States of America and the Russian Socialistic Federated Soviet Republic to-day stand forth as the only two important countries in Christendom which have had the temerity to try the great social experiment of prohibition.

Russia, it is true, recently deviated from American teetotalism. More than a year ago a decree was passed lifting the ban on the sale of light wines and beers—enabling the Kremlin to convert into much-needed rubles the hundreds of thousands of bottles of choice wines inherited in stocks from the old days. The move was deplored at the time by the Commissariat of Health and by not a few others in the Communist Party, but acquiesced in as a temporary revenue measure. It was agreed then that manufacture and importation of intoxicants would not be permitted. Only quite lately, however (February 4, 1923), this promise was disregarded and, according to a Moscow despatch, the Council of Commissars issued a second decree permitting resumption of manufacture of liquors containing not more than 20 per cent alcohol.

The fact stands, notwithstanding, that for more than seven years Russia was dry and that, practically speaking, the masses of the Russian people are still under a régime of virtual prohibition. For the wines now selling in Moscow and Petrograd are so exorbitantly expensive that only the newly rich and foreigners can buy, and as yet manufacture of new stocks has not actually begun. Thus Russia furnishes a commanding field in which to study the effects of prohibition on a large country and over an extended period—a field of more than passing interest to the United States, just entering aridity.

In many ways the problems faced by the two countries were identical, even to the matter of national temperament. Like the Americans, the Russians habitually drank to excess when they drank. Both were peoples given to extremes. Prohibition came to Russia also during the war, having been instituted by the Czar as a war measure in 1914, and continued as a permanent feature when the teetotalist Communists seized the Government.

In several ways, however, notably that of administration and enforcement of the law, there was, as I shall show later, considerable difference in circumstances. Russia, for instance, had no "Canada" just across an imaginary boundary, nor "rum runners" hovering just outside a three-mile water line. Russia, in other words, did not have any serious smuggling problem. This, plus one or two other features of the internal situation, did not present Russian authorities with quite the same difficulties as confronted our American anti-rum administration.

What, then, did prohibition do to Russia, and what lesson does it hold for America? Eyes of social reformers throughout the world are upon the two peoples—one just entering prohibition, the other just emerging—and their ultimate judgments will probably influence the orientation of social advance in many lands in coming centuries.

In the space of seven years prohibition transformed Russia from a country with more drunkenness than any other European land into the soberest nation in Europe.

Its effects are patent to the most casual observer on the streets of any Russian city and in the tiniest village—especially if that observer knew the old Russia of vodka and debauches.

For years Russia led the Continent in records for inebriety. Germans consumed greater quantities and French drank more frequently and generally. But the Russians outnumbered them all under the table. They lacked the capacity of the Teuton and the self-restraint of the French. This applied to all classes, from peasant to millionaire. The wealthy *bourgeoisie* were noted for their debauches.

The result was disgustingly conspicuous on the streets and public squares of city and village alike throughout Russia on feast days and Saturday nights. The stockyard saloon district in Chicago at its balmiest was no worse. In the villages the peasants gulped down vodka in tumblers, like beer. "Drunken Russia" was an international byword.

To-day—

During the nine months I spent in Russia I saw only one intoxicated person on the streets, a sabled speculator who tumbled from his droshky on a side street near Arbat. A crowd collected while his *izvoshtchik* manuevered him back into the carriage. He was a curiosity.

In country wayside inns I sipped glass after glass of tea with the peasant customers. Before, it would have been vodka. I asked them what they thought of prohibition. "Oh, we like vodka," they grinned, "but our wives all like prohibition." "Don't tell me the peasants are not drinking," a Russian *émigré* remarked to me some months later in London. "Tell me their wives are starving and their children are naked, and I will believe you. But the Russian peasant will not go without his vodka. He would rather see his wife starve!" Yet many, many of them are going without their vodka. I even found some who admitted prohibition was "better in the long run," although, they added truthfully, they themselves "would not mind a bit of vodka now and then."

I went then to Nicholas Semashko, Commissar of Public Health in Moscow. At the top of four flights of stairs, winding around an unused elevator shaft, I found his little anteroom crowded with visitors. A clerk smuggled me in through a back hallway into the Commissar's "conference room," a bleak compartment with a long green-covered table, all set for a "conference." It was a replica of the scores of other chambers like it throughout Russia. As Lenine put it, Russia has more "conferences" and "talkfests" than any other country in the world—one might say, all the others combined. To any one wishing to see him a commissar's day seems an unbroken series of "conferences." When I went to see Kameneff, he was always in one. He generally left them to talk to me. Bugdanoff, Tchitcherin, Radek, Lounarcharsky, were always "in committee." This time I providentially had arrived between committees. I saw the

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remains of the last in the dozen ash-trays up and down the table. Semashko greeted me cordially. I always met with a most delightful reception once I had survived the purgatory of waiting and broken appointments through which every one must pass who aspires to interview a commissar. He was a short, friendly sort of man, with a small pointed gray beard and eyes that twinkled understandingly. He had been a physician before the Revolution; he was one of the intellectuals of the Kremlin. He had no hesitancy in answering:

"Prohibition has proved its advantages in Russia. Russia will never go back to the old unrestrained alcoholism."

"But you are permitting wines to be sold in Moscow to-day," I objected. "Isn't that a step back to the old system?"

"By no means. It is only an emergency revenue measure," he rejoined, quickly. "It is nowise an abandonment of prohibition as a policy. The Government needed money badly. It resorted to this expedient as a possible means to tide over the financial crisis. As soon as we can get along without this source of revenue total prohibition on the American plan will be restored."

Semashko was not at all keen personally on the partial license scheme, then in force, and confessed he wished they hadn't done it. However, the Government needed money, and—he shrugged his shoulders. He was careful to point out that manufacture of wines and spirits for commercial purposes had not been resumed. The Government had permitted several breweries and distilleries to resume production of wines for medicinal purposes, the entire output being turned over to the Commissariat of Health. Importation of wines was forbidden, and custom officials had been able to enforce the edict rather effectively, owing to Russia's peculiar geographical situation.

When the Bolsheviks took over the administration, they received along with it all the Imperial Government's stocks of fine wines and spirits, plus the many private stocks which had been locked up since 1914—hundreds of thousands of gallons of very valuable liquor. For four years the Kremlin stuck to its principles—the Communist Party is a teetotalist organization, and forbids its members to touch strong drink; but as bankruptcy increased and the spirit of opportunism grew, expediency got the better of principle, and a decree was finally passed permitting sale of wines not exceeding sixteen per cent alcohol.

The authorities promptly uncorked their cellars and got busy as Russia's biggest wine vender. The Government retained the wholesale monopoly, and sold the wines to retailers at enormous prices. Nor did its profits end there, for the retailer was obliged to pay a heavy license fee on each bottle for the privilege of passing it over his counter. This of course compelled him to charge prices that only the very rich were able to pay.

A number of wine-shops are now open in Moscow, the best being Government stores, and several larger restaurants serve liquor with meals—at exorbitant prices of course. Champagne corks are again heard in small exclusive parties at a few cabarets, and the foreign colony in Moscow has little trouble moistening up on occasion. It is still illegal to sell vodka and liqueurs, but both may be had at nearly every wine-shop if one is on winking terms with the proprietor and willing to pay the price. We had delicious table wines at our guest house on Sophiskaya until one of my American newspaper colleagues drank the cellar dry, and then we were obliged to patronize the wine-shops. He was not to be thwarted, however, and soon an entire case of vodka appeared mysteriously in his room. He showed me a bill with the stamp of one of the commissariats on it. He had got into winking ways with a commissar. But the economic bar still separates the peasant and the bulk of the people from their drink.

Even under the total dry régime there was evasion of course. Some of the peasants continued to make home brews, but not, Semashko said, in sufficient quantities to permit general drunkenness, as before. "Nor were the home distilleries sufficiently numerous to affect the community as a whole." Their number shrank with the hard times. "In the larger cities, particularly Moscow, there has always been a limited underground traffic in vodka substitutes, some of which are extremely dangerous. One, passing popularly under the name of kerosene, paralyzes the optic nerve and often causes loss of vision for several months, sometimes permanent blindness. It tastes and looks much like vodka, but may be easily distinguished by its sweetness. Vodka is not sweet." Semashko had not heard of the use of cologne water and other drug preparations, as in America, adding, with a smile, that perhaps the drugs would be more difficult to obtain in present-day Russia than the real thing. "But the total number of persons touched by these mongrel liquors cannot be compared with the number benefited by abstinence from strong drink."

Nor was the administration of prohibition without loopholes. Certain restaurants in Moscow unquestionably enjoyed police protection, despite the periodic raids by the Cheka. An American friend of mine, who was a chance witness to one of these "raids" on a little eating-house on the Arbat, described the little drama in something like the following manner:

Proprietor goes to telephone. Whereupon the following dialogue, the Cheka agent's part being filled in on the strength of the proprietor's answers:

*Proprietor.* Yes, this is the —— Tchaynaya (tea-room).

*Cheka.* This is the Cheka. Rumors have reached us that you are selling spirits and wines containing more than sixteen per cent alcohol. Do you know this is in violation of the law?"

*Proprietor* (hereafter proprietor's remarks will not be noted down, being too obvious) . . . . .

*Cheka.* Ah, yes, we were almost certain it was a mistake. Nevertheless we shall be obliged to investigate. Our officer will call upon you at five and search the premises.

Whereupon great excitement in the kitchen. Clink of vanishing bottles. Proprietor quickly makes the round of the tables, whereupon business of gulps and screwing up of faces.

Enter Cheka agent, who begins search; lifts hems of tablecloth, peers into corners, looks into kitchen, etc. Meanwhile silence among the guests. Proprietor's face is a study of solicitation, injured innocence, and happy assurance. Finally Cheka agent returns, smiling, and bows to proprietor.

"I was sure you would find nothing," the proprietor is heard to remark, while accompanying the agent to the door.

"Ah, but you must be careful, comrade," are the agent's departing words. "You know it is not legal," etc. Exit agent.

Noise of returning bottles. Finis.

The success of prohibition in Russia is to be ascribed to several factors which doubtless had more influence on events than the actual administration of the law, efficient or otherwise, such as it was. First, prohibition had a head start of fully four years, nearer five, of war conditions, when a large portion of the male adult part of the nation was under strict discipline and where the authorities could keep them under eye. This made evasion difficult and formed habits the momentum of which doubtless carried many a shaky leg on over the desert.

Second, liquor was very, very difficult to obtain. Comparatively speaking, the available stocks inside Russia were quite small. The demoralization of transport and means of communication since the Revolution made it almost impossible to transport liquor. Manufacture being prohibited, cellars once emptied remained so.

Third, and very important, Russian authorities had no smuggling problem to cope with, as do customs officials in America. Russia is separated from her Canada, not by an imaginary international line, but by hundreds of miles of bleak steppes, crossed only at greatest difficulty except by the Government railway, which has very little rolling stock even for food purposes. Wagon roads from the border to Moscow are the worst in Europe, and virtually impassable for a heavy vehicle during seasons. Thus the smuggler has his greater obstacle still ahead of him after he has successfully navigated the frontier.

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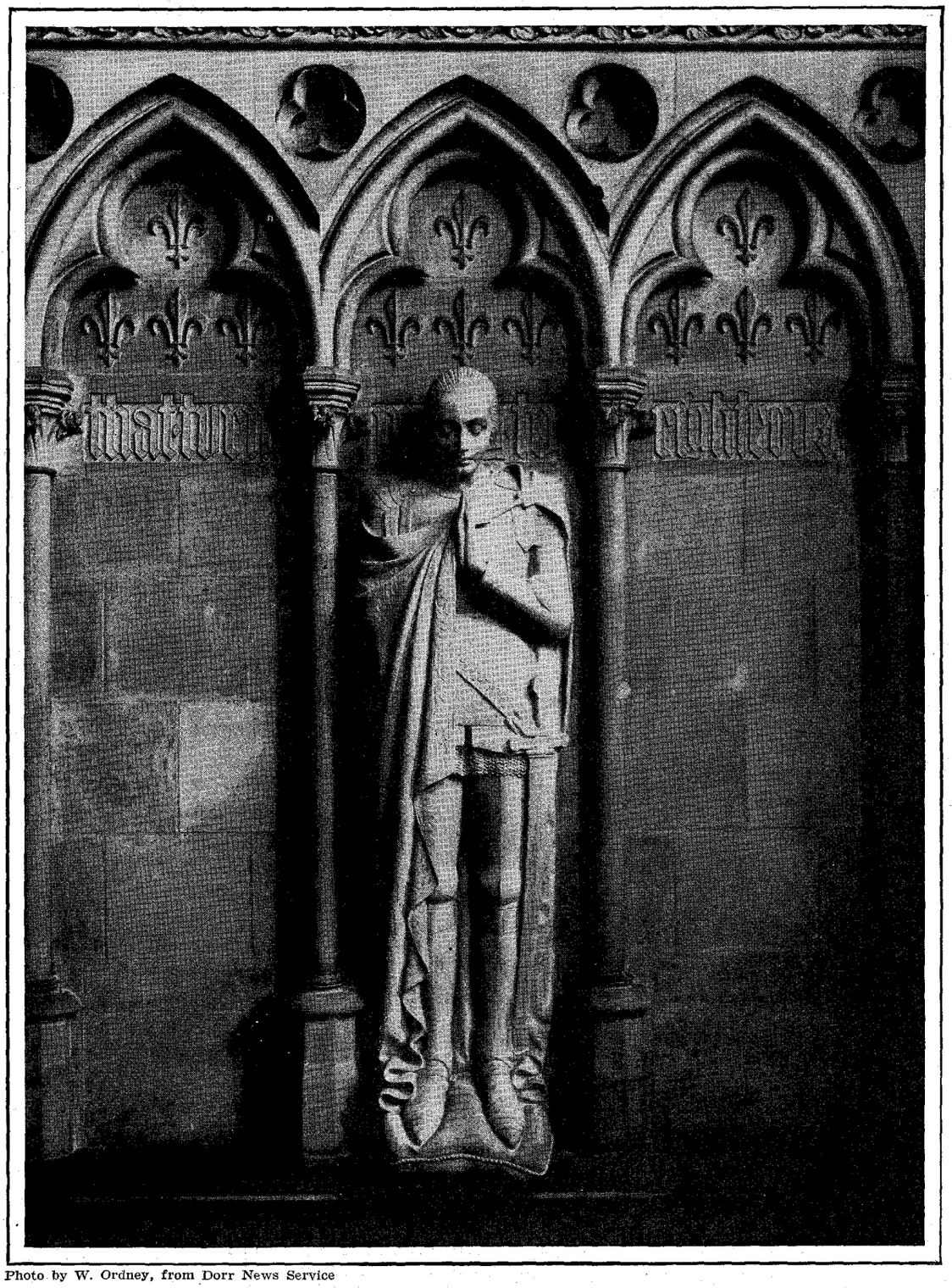

Photo by W. Ordney, from Dorr News Service

A NEW STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC FOR THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, IN NEW YORK CITY

The Statue is by Anna Vaughn Hyatt, well known as the sculptor of the equestrian statue of Joan of Arc on Riverside Drive, New York City. Both these statues were the gift of the late **J. Sanford Saltus**, a generous patron of the arts

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# ON STONE

Photograph by De Witt Ward, from Dorr News Service

BAS-RELIEF MEMORIAL TO ALFRED T. WHITE, THE DISTINGUISHED PHILANTHROPIST OF BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, WHO BUILT THE FIRST MODEL TENEMENT AND FOUNDED THE BOTANICAL GARDENS OF HIS NATIVE CITY

This memorial, to be cast in bronze, is by the well-known sculptor, Daniel Chester French. The architectural settings are by Henry Bacon, who designed the Lincoln Memorial

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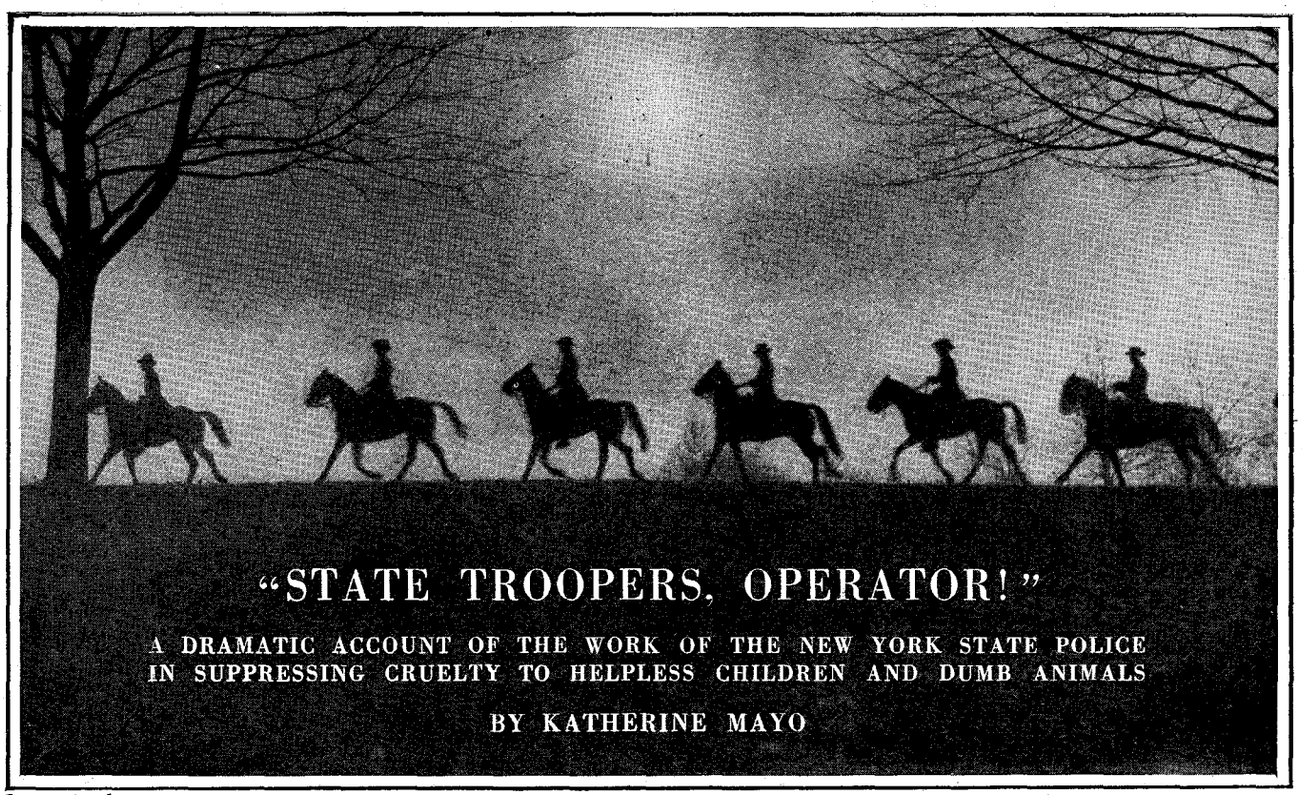

# "STATE TROOPERS, OPERATOR!"

## A DRAMATIC ACCOUNT OF THE WORK OF THE NEW YORK STATE POLICE IN SUPPRESSING CRUELTY TO HELPLESS CHILDREN AND DUMB ANIMALS

BY KATHERINE MAYO

International

NEW YORK STATE TROOPERS PATROLLING THE COUNTRYSIDE

"Z–z–zing!" sings the telephone of "K" Troop of White Plains, and Mrs. Ocella, beyond in the wastelands, screams down the wire that word has just reached her of her husband, Tony—Tony, who ten minutes ago left Mount Vernon in a fleet taxicab, bound for home, with a view to killing her and the six children promptly on arrival. "And please *send a trooper, quick, quick, quick!*" A trooper, accordingly, is despatched on a motorcycle. Motorcycles move faster than taxis, and the woman's fears, quite probably, are well based.

Troop "K" operates under conditions bred by the neighborhood of a great city, of big towns, of stretches of rich residential country, of small part-foreign villages, of scattered cottages, and, again, of areas peopled by folk quite as crude as any to be found in the mountains of the South. Troop "K's" call-book might serve as an index of possible cases in which man, woman, or child can need restraint, rescue, protection, or advice.

"C" Troop, at Sydney, in the southern part of the State, serves under absolutely different local conditions, moving among comfortable farmers. But the automobile continues to demolish both distance and immunity, and "C" gets its share of change. "B" Troop drives a nerve-wracking, thankless life on the border of Canada. *Verbum sapienti.* "A" takes care of the western counties. "G" operates from Troy. "D," from its barracks in Oneida, covers eleven counties. And, finally, to dwell on certain features of "D's" activities will serve to suggest how surprising are the revelations that a closer view of the work of any of the other five troops would show.

"D" Troop, then, handles a fair lot of murders, robberies, arsons, and "big" cases in general. And when successive Governors, Democrat and Republican alike, have called it out for riot duty it has done its duty with the rest of the Force. But it holds a fine silk standard emblazoned with the State's arms, offered by Miss Russell, of New York, and awarded at the State Fair last autumn, for service rendered in protection of children. And it also holds the S. P. C. A. medal, similarly awarded for last year's record in defense of helpless beasts.

As you motor along the excellent highways of "D" Troop territory you exclaim with satisfaction over the neatness of the farms and the prevalent evidence of prosperity and thrift. Are the good roads themselves responsible for that? Go off the thoroughfare, back into the hills, where the farmer moves about with a "horse and rig," look about a bit, and you will find reason to rub your eyes and ask if this, indeed, is "God's country."

"D" Troop's reports, in respect to service as to children and animals, are pretty uncomfortable reading. The names appearing as attached to cruelty and crime do not end in "ski," "off," "ino," "stein," "vic," or "berger." They pertain, rather, to the Smith-Jones-Robinson line, and they show with startling clearness to what depths we have let the old stock fall.

An analysis of 170 cases of suffering inflicted upon children reveals but seven in which the offender bears a foreign name; and a very large percentage are of a sort that cannot be described in print, and which even to a jury would have to be indicated rather than detailed.

What has happened is this: The main current of life has swept along in growing volume in certain definite channels. All the machinery of life—the machinery of law, of education, of information, of protection, of pleasure, of common weal—has concentrated in and along those channels. The backwaters, the less desired places, for generation upon generation have been left alone in the dark. Toward them the State, in practice, has recognized no duty at all. And from these backwaters, generation after generation, the best of the human stock has moved away, leaving the inert, the weak, the dim-minded, to foregather upon itself, constantly to square the sum of its own degeneration. Consequently you have to-day in the heart of the Empire State innumerable families living in conditions that could not be surpassed for squalor anywhere in the world—families in which the girl children are exploited by their own parents as a matter of course; where girls and boys alike are made beasts of profit and of burden; where the innocence of childhood is neither respected nor allowed to exist; where marriage, consanguinity, cleanliness, decency in any form, mean nothing; where education is all downward and where physical cruelty is the rule of daily life.

And, in spite of all this, you have the miracle of the soul of man repeating itself there. You have cherub-faced children, standing on the brink of that



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abyss, looking across to you with heaven in their eyes even as the ground crumbles beneath their feet.

Here is one of the tellable cases: The family's name is as native as Brown or Hobson. They lived on the "muck-lands" in a two-room shack. The father prided himself as "a bad man to handle." The mother was said to have starved three boy children to death. But her girls she "raised" for definite purpose. Neighbors had complained to the county authorities from time to time in years past, but conditions remained unchanged. And the neighbors dared not openly protest, for fear of vengeance. One day last summer, however, a complaint came through to the State Police; a specific complaint, concerning colored men's visits to girl children. Two troopers at once started out. The "bad man to handle," encountered on their road, threatened them with extinction, luridly, if they dared intrude upon his premises. His woman, at his back, supported him more luridly. The troopers pushed on, undisturbed.

On and on through vacant roads where the hot sun shimmered and the grasshoppers whirred. On past old mullein fields and scrub patches where nobody lives. Tiger lilies and black-eyed Susans bent beneath their car wheels as, leaving the last dirt trail, they turned across the muck-lands to the shack. A two-room coop it was, a silvery skeleton sagging to its fall. A tumbledown bed, covered with old coats, stood in the corner. A broken stove, a table, a pot and pan or two. A big gray rabbit, popping his head out from under the bed, stared, beady-eyed, and scampered away. A red-headed woodpecker lingered a second on the window ledge, as if incredulous that his peace could be disturbed. Not a human creature in sight, although some one, obviously, had but just made off.

Later, stealing softly, heads down, through the deep grass on the bank of the "State Ditch," the troopers found what they had come to find—two little girl children—two little girls with hair, but for its matted dirt, like fine-spun gold, cuddled down in the sun-steeped grass, whispering fortunes with daisies.

"Why did you hide?" asked the troopers.

"We didn't know what you came for," said the elder—she was twelve years old.

"Just to help you we came," said the newcomers, and sat down, too, in the tall grass to make friends.

That night the children, washed and combed and sweet to see, slept in the bed of the Madison County probation officer, Mrs. Carrie Cornell, who, experienced as she was, could herself hardly sleep at all for thinking of the horrors that their unconscious talk had laid bare. That night the mother of the two went out alone and hanged herself—hanged herself in the muck-land from the limb of a beech tree, until she was dead, dead, dead. That night the pair from "D" Troop cleaned up both the "hard man to handle" and his bunch of Negro patrons. As for the two little girl children, they were taken away to an institution. Little discards—where should they go?

Mrs. Carrie Cornell, probation officer of Madison County, is a frail little woman, living on a microscopic salary and without personal means. But she makes every minute of life yield sixty seconds of joy and service, and she consciously exerts as much force as a bit of radium. Consciously, in the sense of faith and courage and an immense humanity, not of arrogance. If you want to realize how horribly you cheat yourself day by day by not rightly knowing and exerting your own capacity for making things move, if you want to be inspired to live one hundred per cent effectively, laughing at all seeming limitations, take a train to Oneida and see Mrs. Cornell. It would pay. And Mrs. Cornell's daily hymn of thanksgiving is for "the boys."

"I used to be an agent of the S. P. C. A., but then I had no means for getting about as the work demands—and certain other limitations. Now I call for the troopers whenever I need help. And they come up in a flash with just the help required—transportation, protection, authority, real investigation, and, Heaven be praised! *action*, swift and fearless and right. We go out together, day or night, where I would be lost without them or where they need a woman's aid. They are always tactful, just, merciful, and oh, they are so wise with children! The children—all the children—know them and love them and look up to them, the whole country through. Their influence for good can't be measured. Thanks to them, too, no case now is neglected for lack of time, money, or vehicle.

"In the old days, when I discovered an instance of gross cruelty and need somewhere back in the hills I did what little I could in a visit or two at most, and then would have to leave the rest to chance. Now, after action has been taken, the boys go back and back again, at all sorts of unforeseeable times, visiting the home, however remote. The result is, not only that the child is protected as far as possible from further trouble, but that the whole family, under the influence of protracted surveillance—at once friendly, understanding, and awe-inspiring—steadily improves, not only to its own benefit, but to the relief of the entire neighborhood."

The trooper, smart and soldierly in his uniform and side-arms, fine of physique, clear and quick of brain, endowed with a distinct knowledge of the law, and himself embodying the State's authority, has a tremendous advantage in such places, and a power for thousand-sided good. In work like this a man develops a new sense of intuition as to his human flock. Perhaps fifty times during the year past, one or another "D" Troop patrol, meeting girl or boy trudging along a country lane or highway, has, moved by some sudden instinct, stopped his horse and fallen into friendly talk. Whence presently developed the fact that the child had run away from home.

Every child will confide in the trooper, and a ten or twelve year old girl or boy, who has trudged fifty miles from home, begging food and sleeping in haystacks, is ready to accept the interest of a friend. In almost every instance, by the way, these things occur, not among foreigners, but in the Smith-Jones-Robinson line. The facts, commonly, are these:

The parents, never themselves having known even the drab pleasures of to-day's small hamlet, resent and resist the child's instinct to play, resent the movie thirst, object to ball games as waste of time, will not hear of a county fair or a circus tent, and punish disobedience to their will with the only discipline they know—that of heavy blows, starvation, and black closets. The child's resistance, almost hatred, is aroused. The ground is ripe for the worst. And, commonly, till the trooper came the worst occurred.

Now the trooper, returning the runaway, explains to the frightened parent the risk that was run. "Suppose some rascal had come along in a car and offered your little Annie a lift on the road. Tired, hungry, and desperate as she was, and afraid to come home, don't you think she'd have gone with him? We took a twelve-year-old mother to court the other day. She carried a doll in her arms. Suppose some yegg had picked your Jimmy up, penniless and angry as he was, and without any idea in his head but to get away from you and your cowhide and your shouting. Do you think he wouldn't have joined 'em, and swallowed their tale of easy money? Reformatories are schools for the electric chair. You can't handle children to-day as your father handled you. You can't make little slaves of them, to drudge from morning till night, with no pleasures at all in their lives, while they see and hear of better things passing them by. You must watch their associates, that they don't keep bad company. You must see that they keep good hours, but you must show tact. You must give them a chance at happiness and reasonable liberty, too. Remember, times have changed."

And then, after his good-natured lecture, the patrol comes back, and back again, bringing interest into that dreary household, bringing in, especially to the children, a new spirit of ambition and hope, bred by exhilarating ideas now first presented to their starved minds. As for the parents, if a court had warned them, they would have been dully indifferent. Had a county officer visited them, they would have sneered. If a neighbor had spoken, they would have told that neighbor where to go—perhaps would have threatened his life. But you don't tell State troopers where

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to go. Equally, you don't sneer at their advice. You listen respectfully, and you take good care not to need the same orders twice, knowing that you can't get away with it if you do. And, in spite of yourself, you begin to feel better, abler, more important, for your new friendly alliance with a State executive!

The confidence felt by the people of country districts in the judgment and justice of the State trooper is pleasant to see. A complainant's first recourse now is to the State Police, and in the average instance he is more willing to trust the handling of the case to the trooper's discretion. Especially with juvenile offenders, the effort of the trooper is not for punishment, but for correction and help; not for reformatory sentences, except as a last resort, but for arousing the imagination toward better ideals, and by later attention keeping the ideals on the job. Under this influence, thousands of children all over the State to-day—children whose starts in life were sinister, and who easily might have gone to the utter bad—have been definitely turned and held to straight, sound roads; and many hundreds of families where violence or neglect were the rule, where separation would have seemed the only remedy, are now running reasonably well.

Incidentally, State Police officers, under these conditions, have turned into employment agents. For example, the destitute condition of a certain little household attracted, last June, the notice of a "D" patrol. Mother and children were starving. The husband had disappeared—apparently a case of desertion. Through search by the State Police organization, the missing man was promptly picked up far away in a city half across the State. Lucklessly, dumbly, he had been wandering on and on, looking for work. The State Police brought him home, and at once got work for him from one of the many employers who make the State Police their bureau as a matter of course. The wage was $50 a month and house rent. The man took the job, and has stuck to it like a beaver ever since. The little family, united and happy, considers itself well off.

Whatever is said of the trooper's service to children might be said, and more also, of his service to animals. Till his advent "dumb beasts" had scant protection in the remoter rural parts. Our Humane Societies operate chiefly in cities, and only rarely, in extraordinary cases of complaint, get out thirty or forty miles into the open, where nevertheless the need is very great. Ninety-five cases of gross cruelty—cases of barbaric abuse of horses and cattle—summarily dealt with made the annual record that won "D" Troop last autumn the medal of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The average farmer cares for his stock. But about one in every fifteen, a shiftless failure, lets the animals in his power bear the whole brunt of his own worthlessness, evil temper, and poverty. Cattle dying among cattle long dead, lying in filthy barns; cows standing starving upon the bodies of their own starved calves; horses for days without either food or water, their stark bones staring through raw wounds; old, weak teams overworked and beaten; animals cruelly led or tied or transported—all these, too frequent, come to the attention of the patrol, and from him alone get proper handling.

For reasons that belong to another story, convictions in these cases, however flagrant, are often hard to get from local justices of the peace, and the fines imposed are commonly too small to be really deterrent.

But it is safe to add that, as far as the State trooper can reach, any man willfully cruel to any beast will get, to the extent the law allows, every bit that is coming to him.

# TO APHRODITE: WITH A MIRROR

(FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY)

BY ALINE KILMER

HERE, Cyprian, is my jeweled looking-glass,
My final gift to bind my final vow:
I cannot see myself as I once was;
I would not see myself as I am now.

# MAKING AMERICA MUSICAL

BY MARY LORD MASON

THE vast and crowded concert hall echoed with applause; women in brilliant costumes and men in immaculate evening dress vied with the gallery gods in their enthusiastic recognition of the tall, golden-haired conductor, who, after bowing with æsthetic humility, waved his baton that the members of the orchestra might share his triumph. Then, as the plaudits died away and the audience turned to the preoccupation of social adieux, my neighbor, with his slight foreign accent, murmured in my ear, "Ah, yes, you can make music fashionable—very fashionable—in America, but you can't make America musical."

"Why not?" I asked with a slight flush of indignation.

"Because you begin to build at the wrong end. You begin at the top. Nowhere in the world are there better concerts, better operas, or greater artists than there are now in America. Price is no deterrent; you pay any price to get the best thing. There must be no mistake about that; you don't gamble on unrecognized genius. Your concert halls, your opera houses, are crowded; but who fills the seats? Mostly the rich and fashionable and middle-aged. The capacity of the cheap galleries is very limited; the rest of the hall commands prices too high for the majority of youthful enthusiasts. But until an artist or orchestra is thoroughly advertised as the 'best ever' the expensive seats cannot be filled, and as soon as the world of fashion moves into them there is not a crack or cranny, high or low, to be had. So it is little but the top layer which can be musically educated by hearing the great artists and best musical organizations. And they are generally past the teachable age. To make America musical you must bring music and musical education to the great 'majority' who are bringing up families of four and five children on twenty-five hundred a year or less, to the lowly and dark places. *There's* your material for a musical America! And it's the best of material too, much of it from old music-loving Europe, where even in poverty the people love art and love song, and, somehow or other, have always had art; not always the best, but their own, art they had made themselves, songs that they made. When they come here, all that stops. They work in factories, and after a long time some few of them make money, get fine clothes; but of money there seems never enough here, and there is no music for them any more. It is only the rare genius among them who may, by hook or by crook, win

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the generous attention of some wealthy patron. The mass of the people, the good brown earth from which talent and genius grows, remains unfertilized by musical education."

He was gone then, and I was left to refute his arguments as best I could at my leisure.

I conceded at once that no nation could be made musical from the top down. Things don't grow that way. If only the wealthy and the fashionable are to enjoy art, it will never be an indigenous art which they will enjoy. Artists are seldom born in wealthy and fashionable circles; the circles are too limited, the life too exciting, too full of contradictory demands, too impatient for immediate superiority. No; unless the humble people know and love art in America, my friend is quite right in thinking that we must always be importers of art and artists.

But how can our Nation become musically cultivated? What material have we? What ways and means have we provided?

In answer to my first question, it would seem that our material is as good as any in the world, for it is from all over the world; from England, where a new vein of Anglo-Saxon musical talent has been opened, from Hungary, from France, from Italy, from Germany, from Russia, all music-loving and art-producing countries. There is no likelihood that the comparatively, if not actually, few years of musical deprivation which they have suffered here in our young, machine-working civilization have fundamentally changed these peoples' capacities. Our material is certainly as good as any.

But the answer to the second question is more dubious. What ways and means have we provided? I can think of three: First, music study in our public schools. Second, music study in the settlement schools (or, as they have now become, the neighborhood schools). Third, inexpensive (or in some few cases even free) choruses, concerts, and operas.

Of these three opportunities, public school work is so bound up in politics and red tape, so limited in its choice of teachers (as it is rare for a really musically qualified person to be able to fill also other necessary school requirements), that its excellence is rather the result of the public's musical interest than the cause of that interest. At present, therefore, and until a sufficient number of music supervisors are trained and the control of the work taken out of politics, the public school must be seriously hampered in its endeavor to give even a general musical cultivation to the pupils. Even at the best, the available time for music study in our schools is too limited to admit of individual training, and should be supplementary to or supplemented by outside study.

The third provision—inexpensive or free concerts, choruses, and operas—is also dependent on the response the public is capable of making; and, necessary as these are to musical life, they are supplementary rather than primary necessities.

The second provision, left for consideration until the last, the neighborhood schools, is the one of the three which could be expected to provide the fundamental musical training to which the others would be supplementary. Let us see what those schools are doing. As New York City, with one-twentieth of the population of the country and with a constant influx of immigration, contains the largest group of neighborhood schools we have, let us take the work there as typical.

There are in New York seven large, well-organized schools and five small ones. They are scattered about—four on the East Side, two on the West, one in Brooklyn, one in the Bronx, etc. Originally started either in connection with the settlements or as independent philanthropies, until recently there has been no effort at a common organization; but two years ago, on the initiative of Mrs. McFarland, of the Greenwich House Music School, an association of the heads of all the schools was brought about and an effort was made to eliminate the waste of experimental initiative inevitable to individually independent work in the same field. For the past two years this association has met every month for discussion and mutual assistance.

In these schools thus represented by the association there are a total of about twenty-five hundred pupils and an enrolled waiting list of a thousand more. Outside of that are many possible pupils who have hardly heard of the schools and to whom the overcrowded organizations can extend no invitation, as there are no available funds to provide more teachers, or even more teaching space. The pupils are almost entirely children—the children or grandchildren of immigrants from as many as twenty different nations in Europe and Asia.

And why are the available funds so inadequate to the requirements? Simply because the present scheme of financing the schools is so unsatisfactory. All these schools raise their funds from two sources: the fees paid by the pupils, which supply less than one-third the cost of the running expenses, and gifts or subscriptions from philanthropic individuals. From year to year the boards of these schools must draw up their budgets, with the knowledge that any increase over the receipts from the pupils and the regular subscriptions must be met by a special effort in each case. It is a hand-to-mouth existence, and one totally unsuited to the nature of the work undertaken, which is not in the least that of a charity, but that of a civic education.

We cannot, however, expect the detailed study of music to be assumed by our cities for many years to come. Such a utopian arrangement is not only quite out of sight at present, but really impossible now, as it is only from such musical soil as these schools are providing that such an ideal and civic effort could grow. The people, the common people, not the musical geniuses alone (who can always secure training when worthy of it from generous friends or patrons), must know and understand the value of music. By nature and inheritance these people love music, but the habit of indulging the enjoyment of music dies out rapidly in the non-art-practicing environment in which they must live here in America. The present scheme, however, will never do more than scratch the surface of the need. The two sources of income now available should be continued. The schools should be self-supporting as far as possible, and private philanthropy should be expected and depended upon in regular subscriptions in so far as the limited number of philanthropic people who are interested in serious artistic effort will warrant; but these two sources will never be adequate to do the tremendous work which should be done, to bring the opportunity for serious and enlightened study to the hordes of eager children whose lives should and could be brightened by the artistic and creative musical appreciation so developed and whose influence on our civilization would repay us a thousandfold for what we had given them.

It would seem that there should be a third source of income to the schools, one which with the fees from the pupils should cover the bare working necessities, leaving all else to be provided through the philanthropic subscribers. The certain income, the tuition fees, is too small a proportion of the necessary income to give any sense of security to the work, which at present is carried on from year to year by the faith and too engrossing personal efforts of a few friends. It is not surprising that the field is so inadequately covered. Under the present arrangement, further extension is not only not justified, but such extension without substantial support would be reprehensible and disastrous. This, in the face of the constant calls from would-be pupils, the long waiting lists, and the untouched localities, calls for serious consideration. It is good and just that the fortunate in this world should have the privilege of putting happiness into the lives of others; but this undertaking is too large and the necessity too immediate to Americans to be left to the more or less haphazard interest of a few. It is a work for the especially gifted, those with wisest vision and greatest opportunity to undertake. Only those who have profited most generously of all by America's opportunities can do this work. A fund suited to the requirements of all the neighborhood music schools in each city, and centrally administered by a board composed of officers of the schools and of representatives of the donor, should meet this vital emergency.

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# ESTIMATING THE NATION'S CROPS

## BY ROBERT H. MOULTON

PRESS REPRESENTATIVES READY TO SEIZE COPIES OF A CROP REPORT, ON A SIGNAL, AND HURRY THE FIGURES OVER THE WIRES TO THE NATION

IF next summer you happen to ride from the Alleghany Mountains to the Rockies, passing through State after State of waving grain fields, it probably will appear to you to be an impossible task to estimate the size of the crops that will be produced. And as for making such an estimate earlier in the year, when the growing plants are only fairly out of the ground, why, that is something else again. Yet each year this is accomplished through the methods and system of the Bureau of Crop Estimates of the Department of Agriculture, whose statisticians may be said to have their fingers on the pulse of the grain fields of the entire country.

If you should wander into a certain room of the Bureau of Crop Estimates at Washington on the day a monthly Government crop report is to be issued, you would find gathered around a table many newspaper correspondents and press representatives. The word "wander" is used figuratively, because you could not gain access to the room without proper credentials, and once there you would be unable to leave until the business at hand is finished; all doors leading to the room are locked.

On the table are a number of sheets of paper—copies of the crop estimate—face down. An official of the Bureau stands near by with an accurately timed watch in his hand. Directly he says, "Ready," and the press representatives range themselves around the table, each with a hand on one of the sheets of paper. Next comes the command, "Get set," and the reporters assume attitudes corresponding to those of a group of sprinters who are about to start on a hundred-yard dash. Finally there comes in stentorian tones the anxiously awaited word, "Go!" Immediately there is the sound of feet racing over the tile flooring, followed in a few seconds by the rapid fire of telegraph instruments and by the excited shouting into telephone transmitters of a series of numbers. The crop estimate is going to the four quarters of the country.

But why all this mystery? Simply this: It is a part of the Government's determination to play absolutely fair, to see that no biased information is put out before the fixed time, and to see that the report is released to all interested parties simultaneously. Of course the reporter with the longest or fastest moving legs may obtain a few seconds' advantage over his competitors after the signal to go is given, but that is all.

No matter on what day the Government's crop reports are issued, the time is always exactly the same—2:15 o'clock, Eastern time, to the second. The reason for this is that it is the hour of closing of the principal grain exchanges in the West—1:15 P.M. If the reports reached the exchanges during the midst of a session, they might create unwarranted fluctuations in prices. Naturally, the reports do affect prices more or less, depending upon the nature of the information they carry; but, coming after the close of a session, there is ample time in which to digest their contents before the opening of another session the next day.

The little race among the Washington correspondents across the corridor of the Agricultural Building at Washington is only the beginning of the flash which carries the report to every person in the United States who is sufficiently interested to read it. And there are untold thousands who read it and, if necessary, revise their judgment of it. The Kansas farmer gives it close attention, for it may indicate whether the wheat, corn, or oats crops of the country will be large or small, and, consequently, whether he will be able to market his own crops at a high or low price; the flour manufacturer is keenly interested, for it gives him an idea of the price he may expect to pay for wheat; and the trader on the grain exchanges is particularly concerned, for these reports, as a rule, exert a considerable influence in the making of the prices of grain for future delivery.

A National crop report as issued by the Bureau of Crop Estimates is, to a considerable extent, a composite of thousands and thousands of individual estimates of the local situation. It may be stated, too, that the development of the work of the Bureau of Crop Estimates has been such in the last few years as to win and hold the respect of the grain trade of the entire country, the members of which were at first somewhat skeptical and rather hard to convince. That the reports are absolutely unbiased no well-informed person can doubt. The very nature of the methods of gathering information, its tabulation and dissemination, and the restriction and safeguards with which it is hedged about, makes anything else practically impossible. As for the force of statisticians, no incentive for bias exists among them, even if a prejudiced report were possible, since the tabulators and computers who make up the totals do not even know the States to which the reports pertain, and the final telegraphic reports and comments of field agents relating to speculative crops are kept locked in the office of the Secretary of Agriculture until crop-reporting day, when they are turned over to the Crop Reporting Board. This entire Board is immediately locked in, with guards stationed at the doors and telephones disconnected, until the minute the report is issued.

In the central office of the Bureau of Crop Estimates at Washington are housed about 135 employees, the majority of whom are statistical clerks, computers, and trained statisticians experienced in handling and interpreting agricultural facts. In addition there are 42 salaried State field agents, each of whom is required to travel over his State systematically during the crop season and personally to inspect crops, interview farmers, representatives of commercial houses, mills, elevators, buying and selling agencies, and State and local authorities.

These field agents are in the classified



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Civil Service and are appointed only after passing a rigid civil examination to test their educational and statistical qualifications. Before being permitted to take the Civil Service examination they must have had at least five years' experience in farming and education equivalent to a four-year course in an agricultural college, or at least three years' responsible practical experience in work involving statistical methods or statistical inquiry. That they are all men of high character, qualified by training and experience for their work, competent judges of crop production, and familiar with local conditions in their States, goes without saying.

Each agent enlists the voluntary services of from 250 to 1,500 selected crop correspondents in his State, who report to him every month regarding crops. At the close of the month the agent makes up a detailed estimate, with full explanations showing the causes which have made it necessary to change the estimate of the previous month, and forwards it to the Washington office.

Two other classes of voluntary reporters send reports directly to the Bureau at Washington: 2,800 volunteer county correspondents, 33,000 township correspondents, 20,000 field aids who report to the State agents, 6,400 special price correspondents, and more than 12,000 mills and elevators. The country correspondents return each month replies to printed schedules, the information for which is obtained for the county by observation, inquiry, and upon written and telephonic reports. The service of the township reporters is of a similar character, but covers the more restricted area. The work of securing and maintaining the list of volunteer crop reporters falls to the Division of Crop Reports of the Bureau.

In addition to the special reports sent in each month by the field force, the Crop Reporting Board has all other available data, such as the Weather Bureau reports, crop reports issued by State authorities, and private crop-estimating agencies. It is quite certain, therefore, that this Board has before it more complete, detailed, and accurate data upon which to base its report than any other crop estimating agency in the world.

The Crop Reporting Board is composed of the chief of the Bureau, assistant chief, chief of the Division of Crop Reports, two statistical scientists, and one or more of the field agents called from the different States each month. When the returns from the voluntary crop reporters are all in, they are sorted by States and districts, and partial totals are tabulated on sheets which are identified by numbers only, there being nothing on the sheets to indicate either the State or the crop, so that the work of adding up and averaging the partial totals is purely mechanical. The tabulation sheets are cut up into sections,

GETTING INFORMATION ON THE CORN CROP

which are distributed to different groups of computers, and the results are not assembled by States and crops until after the Bureau is put under lock and key on crop-reporting day. The reports of the State field agents go directly to the Secretary of Agriculture and are locked, unopened, in a vault in his office. They remain unopened until the morning of crop-reporting day, when they are turned over to the chief of the Bureau at the time the Crop Reporting Board is called into session.

From this moment until the report is issued it is impossible for any one but the Secretary or Acting Secretary to enter the room where the Board is in session, and even they cannot leave the room, once they enter, until the report is given to the press. Guards are stationed outside of the locked doors leading to the Bureau, and all telephone and telegraph wires are disconnected, the switchboards being locked and the key retained by the Chairman of the Board, who is also locked in while the Board is in session.

All the data available with respect to each crop under consideration are assembled, totals and averages by States and crops are passed upon by the Crop Reporting Board, and a summary of the report is set up on a duplicating machine, from which copies are made for issuance to the press associations at the hour and minute fixed by the Secretary.

While the personal equation must inevitably enter into crop estimating, and while personal opinion is, in fact, the basis for all reports on conditions of growing crops and largely on the yield, nevertheless the system of work developed by the Crop Reporting Board reduces to a minimum the liability of serious error. If there were no official reports, market speculators would obtain more or less information and exaggerate it for their own ends. As a matter of fact, many intelligent agencies do gather information in advance of the Department's reports. The effect is to prevent very wide fluctuations as a rule.

The Bureau of Crop Estimates is considered, by those who know, to be the best-organized, smoothest-running piece of human machinery in existence for securing and disseminating agricultural statistical data. So well recognized is this fact that a number of foreign countries have sent representatives here to study our system and to adopt that portion which is applicable to their conditions.

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# A GREAT PEOPLE'S GREAT CANAL

## ITS ACHIEVEMENTS—ITS PERILS

### WHERE GOVERNMENT OPERATION WORKS—THE STRUGGLE AGAINST THE FORCES OF NATURE—THE FINEST ORGANIZATION IN THE WORLD TO-DAY—AN HONOR TO OUR PRESIDENTS AND CONGRESS—WHAT THE OLD-TIMERS FEAR—THE GREATEST DANGER THAT THREATENS THE CANAL—AN APPEAL TO AMERICANS TO PRIZE WHAT THEY HAVE AND BE ON GUARD

BY COLONEL JAY J. MORROW

GOVERNOR OF THE PANAMA CANAL

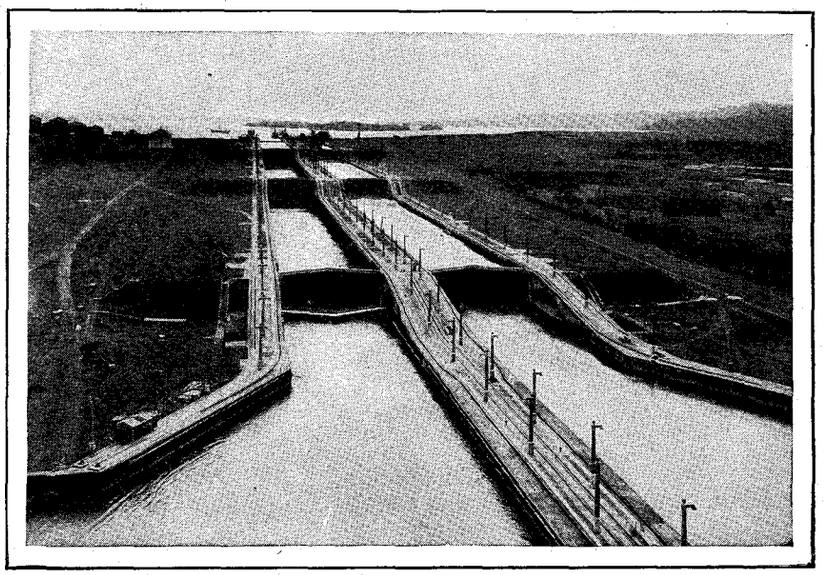
"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."
—*Psalm cvii. 23, 24.*

THE Panama Canal is the realization of one of the great dreams of the centuries. The first of the past two decades showed in the face of overwhelming difficulties the achievement of construction of one of the greatest works of man. The second of the two decades has been occupied by a struggle to retain what we have conquered, as the forces of nature are ever resisting control by man, and to get forward by experience in the big problem of using this new world's highway to the best effect in advancing the world's trade. Into the building of the great work were woven the enthusiasm, the constructive and creative instinct, and the pride and love of our great Nation as typified by our highest type of men, and this spirit still lives and is daily apparent during the work of government and operation. Indeed, there are in the operating force many of those of construction days, and these, though diminishing in numbers, have succeeded in passing on to the successors of the old-timers that have gone this same pride in the work.

Nearly twenty years have elapsed since the Panama Canal began to loom large in American news, and for nearly half this time ships have been using the great waterway. And yet one finds but few Americans who have any adequate idea of what our Government has done and is doing there. Comparatively few Americans have been through the Canal, and among these there is a failure to understand the accomplishments of American organizing and constructive genius in the construction and subsequent operation of the Canal and all its ramifying business. Even as the completed work, being largely submerged, fails to give any adequate conception of the big problems of construction, so does a brief trip through the Canal fail to give the casual observer even a superficial idea of the many functions of the operating force. One gets the impression of wonderful beauty, smoothness of operation, health, comfort, and happiness in the working force, and imagines that it is so because it happened so. The big, romantic background of construction struggles, of design of the operating and governmental plans, of the constant struggle against the usual inefficiency of governmental operation, of the fight to keep the ideal of efficient service constantly to the front, are not easily discerned; and nearly every American tourist waves it all aside with the typical American remark: "Sure, it's wonderful; but we are a great people; why shouldn't it be fine?" I write in the hope that a little more accurate view of our work down there may reach many who take a pride in the Canal without knowing much of the details of that work.

I shall not dwell long on the construction work. Our people are generally familiar with President Roosevelt's great personal interest and the wisdom of several important decisions he was called upon to make to forward construction; with the organizing capacity and skillful directing force of Goethals; and with the great work of Gorgas, preceded by the discoveries and the self-sacrifice made in the sanitation of Cuba. Possibly, however, but few of our people know that many of the employees of those days have earned and are filling the highest positions in the operating force, and take the same pride in successful operations that they formerly took in breaking construction records. Nor are errors made in the construction days forgotten in looking forward. Frequently the same old mistake in different form is suggested from high place, and strenuous effort is required to head off erroneous action which would lead to exactly a similar result. The "old-timer" on the Canal has proved his value since construction ceased as well as during those earlier days.

Let us take a bird's-eye view of what the Panama Canal organization is, and what it does besides putting ships



GATUN LOCKS, WITH GATUN LAKE IN THE BACKGROUND



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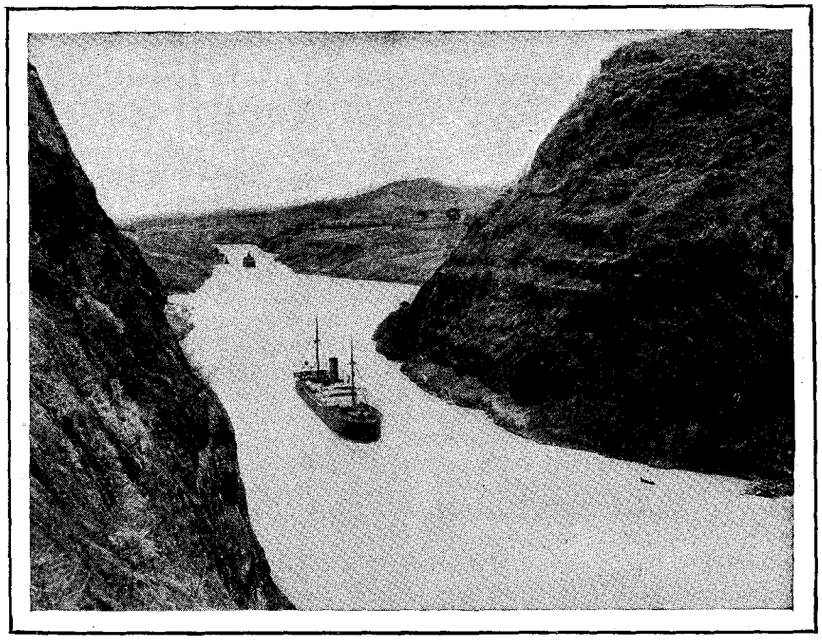
through the great waterway. In the heyday of construction days, in August, 1912, Congress enacted the law creating the Panama Canal Government. It has been but slightly changed since its passage, and has proved itself wise legislation. It set up the machinery for operating, maintaining, and governing the Canal and the Canal Zone, vesting practically all functions in a Governor, appointed by the President and removable at his pleasure. This centralization of administrative power under the Governor, who, by order of the President, reports directly to the Secretary of War, was not accidentally done; its wisdom was indicated by all the troubles which hampered construction until President Roosevelt took the action which made Goethals the Czar of the Zone. There was then no question of responsibility, no delay in any necessary action. Construction was successfully completed, and operation has been successful largely for the same reason. Efforts have been made to transfer some of the governmental functions to the Federal departments charged with similar work in the States, but, so far, and wisely, without success. It is not generally known, but such National Governmental functions as quarantine, customs inspection, postal service, shipping commissioner and steamship inspection service, lighthouse service, meteorological and hydrographic service, and prohibition enforcement, are entirely disassociated from our National services, and are handled by the Governor of the Canal. The result is a smoothly working whole into which all these functions are made to fit with the most important work of transiting ships, all operating for economy, for elimination of useless red tape and friction, and particularly for efficiency, as it is infinitely easier to supervise these operations by a directing head at the Zone rather than in Washington.

The Panama Canal, by this same law, is charged with other functions of a governmental nature, such as the regulation of all traffic in the two terminal ports; the operation of police and fire services; magistrates' courts, jails, and a penitentiary; schools for both Americans and natives; municipal services such as waterworks, street paving, and sewers; enforcement of sanitary and health regulations, both in the Canal Zone and in the cities of Panama and Colon; operation of hospitals; and the making and enforcement of traffic regulations and the issue of vehicle licenses.

The main business is of course that of putting the ships through. Engaged in this actual work, however, there is but a fifth of our force, if we regard as the operating force solely the marine division (which handles the ships), the locks operating force (which operates the locks), and the dredging division (which keeps the channel clear). But, aside from getting the ships through, they must be served. So it is necessary to have and to operate fuel services (coal, oil, Diesel oil, and gasoline), to operate shops with a dry dock for ship repair, to carry all manner of ships' stores against calls for them, and to maintain a seagoing salvage service for ships in distress. Our employees also must be housed and fed; and the maintenance of their quarters, the operation of their commissaries and restaurants, is a big business in itself. And on constant guard against malaria and other tropical dangers stands the Health Department, keeping the Zone and the terminal cities in the Republic of Panama in good sanitary condition, and ever watchful through quarantine and occasional inspection of adjacent foreign ports against intrusion of any epidemic from outside.



GAILLARD CUT (FORMERLY THE FAMOUS CULEBRA CUT)

In addition to all of this, the Government of the Canal is charged with certain functions of an international character, such as sanitary and municipal work for the two Panamanian cities and the readiness to take over police protection there in case of disorder assuming such shape as to imperil the safety of Canal operations.

The Panama Railroad, built sixty years ago by American capital as a transisthmian rail line, and later expanded to include a steamship line operated by the Panama Railroad Company, is now entirely owned by the United States. The railway is directed by the Governor, and it is really a part of the Canal. The steamship line is directed from the New York office, but the Governor is president of the company. Its basic excuse for existence is as a supply line for the Canal and as a transportation line to furnish accommodations to Canal employees traveling home and back for necessary leaves, and for these purposes it is necessary now; it was vital in construction days. Like all steamship-operating agencies, it does commercial business to give it return cargoes. The company has made very considerable profits in the nineteen years of Government ownership, and has provided the Canal Zone with many of its facilities, such as docks, warehouses, stores, cold-storage plant, office buildings, and quarters. Its steamship operations have been profitable in spite of the fact that all Government supplies and employees have always been transported at cost, very substantially below commercial rates, and also despite the fact that during the period of very high freight rates during the war the line did not profiteer, but maintained reasonable rates and was the sole dependence of the ports it served. The line has been the finest instrumentality the United States has had in fighting foreign control of the West Indian trade. There has been much insidious propaganda against it, and these foreign lines have been most active in furthering this effort to kill it. It is true that the company has not made money during the recent period of business depression, but its losses are not excessive, and throughout the company has maintained its low rates on Government goods and passengers, has taken losses in liquidation of stocks exactly as all business corporations have done, and has come through the worst of the depression in a perfectly sound condition. There is abundant justification for the belief that the operations of the company will again become profitable as business revives, and will show a favorable balance aside from the known profits resulting from the handling of Canal and other Governmental business at rates materially below commercial rates.

Most visitors to the Canal know but little of the organization for the service of operation and of the history behind it, of which only the high spots are touched on in the foregoing. Most of

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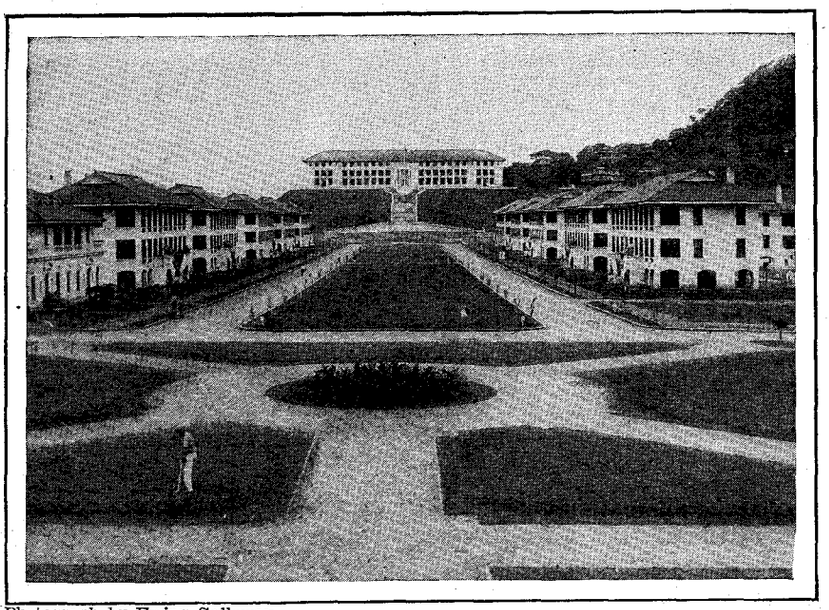

Photograph by Ewing Galloway

THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AT BALBOA, CANAL ZONE

them tarry for but part of a day, and are content with a look at one lock, a quick trip through the Cut, a glance at the cities of Panama and Colon, and then away to Costa Rica, Cuba, or Colombia. They get a distinct impression of the ease with which a huge vessel passes through the locks. Here is no shouting or confusion; no sound is heard save the occasional clang of a gong on one of the electric mules and a final blast from the ship's whistle for the lines to be cast off. Many of them do not even know that every operation of gate, chain, valve, or other piece of huge mechanism in the locks is performed by one man, who directs all these tremendous forces from a table in the control house, standing high on the center wall. The control of the electric mules is in the hands of the pilot, who stands on the bridge of the ship and signals his orders. The gong signal from the mule is but the nautical "Aye, aye, sir!" and these signals are all the observer hears except the rumble of the big motors and the rush of the tremendous volumes of water involved in filling or emptying these gigantic bathtubs in seven and one-half minutes.

Or possibly the visitor goes through the Cut, and sees without recognition the huge scars left by the great slides and the many ones left by the small ones. He will observe a big dipper dredge lifting a bucket of mud and dropping it into a big mud scow. He entirely fails to appreciate that these scars are reminders of one of man's greatest struggles against the forces of nature, and that the dredge is the instrument by which man conquered. He almost certainly will not know that this dredge with its two sisters are the best machines of their class in the world; that one of them in one day has dredged nearly 24,000 cubic yards, a dredging performance that has never been approached elsewhere. Nor will he know that two of the three are kept in commission for sixteen hours of every day. They are not only constantly at work maintaining the channel in the work dredges are required to do in all ports, but are ready, like fire equipment, to jump instantly on a slide and cut a channel through it with sufficient rapidity to assure commerce that no ship will be delayed. The more responsible operators in the dredging division came to it from the dredge's little brother, the steam shovel of construction days, and these enthusiastic old-timers, while still proud of their records with the shovels, find those achievements dimmed by the work they did with the dredges in the cataclysm of 1915–16, when the Canal was blocked; or by the achievement of putting through Cucuracha's teeth the great British battle-cruiser Renown, with the Prince of Wales aboard; and they get great joy from their memories of other lesser victories over nature with these wonderful big toys.

The visitor on arriving may give a passing thought to the prompt way in which he goes through the quarantine, immigration, and customs vexations, and to the exactness with which ship's officers predict departures. But only one in ten thousand knows it comes from unrelenting devotion by all to the maxim, "The primary mission is the service of the ships." Shipmasters of all nationalities tell us there is nothing like it elsewhere. Ships are handled like clockwork. Their passage through the Canal and clearance depend solely on two things (assuming that they are not delinquent in any matters that require their detention): First, the hour of their arrival, which fixes their place on the schedule; and, second, the amount of work they have to do in port, such as lading or unlading of cargo, or taking on of ship supplies. They are allocated to a schedule, and go through the Canal exactly like a train on a rail system. And in the meantime they can obtain any desired services—such as ship's laundry, put ashore at the first terminus, completed and returned aboard at opposite port; food supplies ordered at one port and assembled for lading at opposite port; or any of the many things ships' needs must have at an important way station.

Statistics are dry as dust, and I will be brief in their citation. During the last three months of the calendar year just closed the Canal put through almost ten commercial ships per day from ocean to ocean, and took in transit tolls over $3,800,000, or at the rate of more than $15,000,000 a year. The three months were probably abnormally large, but in a short time their receipts will appear small as compared with an average month. The Canal has more than doubled its service in eight years of operation, and this in the face of the Great War and of the widespread business depression of the past two years. It can carry four or five times its present traffic without change, except for a simple construction of additional water storage for dry-season use and a gradual increase of operating force at a rate of increase much less than that of the traffic. Yet it is now turning revenue in to nearly double the extent of its operating costs. And when the time comes to enlarge its capacity, say thirty or forty years hence, there is no engineering reason why the work may not be commenced and completed in time, and, if desired, entirely paid for out of profits in operation during the enlargement period.

Commercially the Canal is more useful to the United States than to any other nation, and its greatest use is in our coast-to-coast trade. This trade shows a fine, healthy growth, and will doubtless continue to do so. The Canal is highly important also in the trade from our Atlantic and Gulf ports to the Far East, and in the trade between these same home ports and South America's west coast.

As a factor in National defense the Canal is most valuable. Right now our two fleets are using it in training. And it is quite possible that but for the nitrates that were carried rapidly from Chile to factories in the United States and Europe in 1916–18 the Allies might have lost the World War.

The Canal and the community connected with its operation are the finest expression of American thoroughness in engineering, public health, and community life that I have ever seen. The organization, I believe, in its outline and personnel is as effective and reliable, with capacity for meeting emergencies as they may arise, as can be found in the world to-day. It is, whether people realize it or not, a model of sureness and efficiency, and an example to the world of the capacity of the American people. These are the verdicts passed on its work, not by the officials charged with the conduct of its

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great business, but by practically every intelligent student of affairs who has observed and looked into its work. It furnishes living proof of the fact that government can conduct big business in a businesslike way if the executive branch will insist (as it has done) that the operation be kept free of improper political influences, and if the legislative branch will insist (as it has done) that we are not hampered by unnecessary legal restrictions. If the Canal cannot retain these advantages over some other of our Governmental business operations (and they will gradually be encroached upon if our vigilance is relaxed), then we can expect nothing else than a lapse into the inefficiency which now afflicts so many services. It is mainly with a view to enlisting the assistance of our people in averting this gradual encroachment on the efficiency of a work in which we all have pride that I have written this.

# CONFESSIONS OF A CHURCH-GOER

## BY GEORGE L. MOORE

IF one were to compile a list of the questions of to-day under the general title of "What's Wrong?" selecting the contents of the list on the basis of frequency of utterance, it is probable that "What's wrong with the Churches?" would head the ticket. I am a regular Protestant church member. Because of habit or of weakness, or perhaps because I have never taken up golf, I attend some service of worship once, and even twice, a Sunday. I am a friend, almost a lover, of the Church. Knowing the state of my feelings toward the institution, my friends have thrown at my head for several years their inquiries as to what is wrong with the Church, half contemptuously, half amusedly hearing my defenses. As I have defended and apologized, my eyes have been active and my ears awake as I've sat in the sacred precincts, and my heart has grown weaker and weaker within me, until I too have become somewhat cynical and skeptical and have joined my friends inwardly.

Looking about on the conditions in the Church as they present themselves to the limited view of one church-goer who is a highly average layman and inexpert but sincere, it seems to me that the crucial shortcoming is in the state of the message. When all the clubs are organized, all the "programmes set up," and all the other peripheral social activities of the Church scrutinized, it appears to me that it exists, not for these things, but as a repository and as a broadcasting station for "the Word." I have asked myself again and again, prodded by the raillery of my skeptical friends, "Why do I belong to the church?" Is it so I may attend the dinners? Is it that I may go out and canvass the community for funds every December? Is it to be instructed in the Einstein theory? Is it to hear the soloists who give a concert every month? Is it for any one, or all, of a dozen other reasons, many of which might be summed up as "social expression," or even by the popular shibboleth "service"?

I have had to answer all of these self-inquiries negatively. My reason for being in a pew each Sunday morning, if I articulate it accurately, is in order that my life may come to grips with a power which it needs in order that it may be at its finest and best during the ensuing week. That may be a neolithic, indefensible reason, but it seems to be mine. What is more to the point, it has grown less and less tenable, because the message I have listened to Sunday after Sunday and in church after church has not been a transmitter of the power which I have tried to hook up with. I don't know any theology. I have not been in search of any particular brand of religious interpretations. I am not greatly interested in controversial questions as to whether Christ was ten per cent God or one hundred per cent; whether Isaiah was written by one or by three hands; whether the first three Gospels are synoptic or synthetic. I have looked for bread upon which my better nature could feed, and the pulpit has handed me the stone of "problems."

I have heard that work used until it gives me acute nausea. I have listened in vain for affirmations. The everlasting yea seems to have totally disappeared. Most of the sermons I have heard begin with a question-mark and end the same way. I have heard books reviewed, labor conditions discussed, education defined, psychology extolled, the "economic point of view" advocated, and all sorts of similar matters rehashed. I have gone to forums in the church, where half a dozen cranks arose and aired their formulæ for setting all things right by first knocking them into a cocked hat.

The negative tone of the preaching is bad salesmanship. Even the newsboy has dropped the "Which paper, mister?" in favor of the "Buy the 'Evening News'!" Retail clerks are educated never to close their dealings with a customer by saying, "Nothing more, I suppose?" No salesman is worth his salt unless he has confidence and assurance that what he is offering is worth buying, which state of mind may be imparted to his prospect. Yet the pulpit is in a chronic state of disbelief and passes its state of mind along. To me, a regular pew-holder, what the preacher believes is not as important as that he does believe something, and hard. If he would keep his doubts to himself and display only his convictions in my face, I believe I would be inclined to "buy" his message more readily.

If my reading of the prophets is correct, they were men who presented solutions, and not problems alone. They seem to have had unlimited capacity for asseveration, without quibbles or reservations. My question, to myself and to the Church, resolves itself into an inquiry as to when this prophetic state of mind is going to be regained by those whom the Church picks as her spokesmen.

Many of us church-goers—for I know that there are a few others who share my point of view—are craving some evidences of authority from these men of the Protestant clergy. Protestantism was born out of a new concept of authority. Will not her next rebirth come about from another redefinition? Not merely intellectual authority, but an authority of life, of personality, of conviction, of fire, or however it may be characterized. People said of Christ that he spoke with authority. Of how many of his preachers can you say that to-day? Certain branches of religion say what's what, and don't make any bones about it. When is Protestantism not only going to redefine authority, but show us that its message and its mouthpieces have some, and that there is not only a question-mark in religion, but an answer?

Take the subject of sin; not theologically, but practically. I have faults, lots of them. Call them sins, just for the sake of argument. I have shopped around in church after church, Sunday after Sunday, without hearing the matter mentioned. Yet it is one of the most important questions in my life—coupled with how to get rid of my faults. It would appear as though we in the pews no longer had sins worth talking about. We have mental complexes, distorted points of view, and all that sort of thing, but as for the Garden of Eden variety of sins, it seems to be as scarce among us as the dodo. Occasionally an evangelist appears amid clouds of sawdust, trumpeting about the sins of people in yellow journalese. They say some of the so-called Fundamentalists talk about sin, and that among certain other "schools of thought" long since decadent it is an accepted subject. Perhaps it is, but it's a shame that such an expressive word should be confined to the vocabulary of controversy and not used in the field of practical living. I,

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for one, yearn to be "cussed out;" to be drawn over the coals; to hear the sort of direct talk which called forth from one of a Scotch congregation who was listening to his pastor the enthusiastic exclamation: "Haud 'em ower the pit, Meenister; haud 'em ower the pit." They tell us of lots of things wrong with the social order; but who composes the social order if not a lot of us fellows down in the pews? If the ministers convince enough of us of what's wrong with us, and "sell" us thoroughly on the way to put it right, there will be slight need to worry about social order or disorder.

But it would be more than presumptuous to try and suggest subject material for the preachers. The important thing is that some of us in the pews are not gripped, stirred, remotivated, by what they say. We go to church to get a certain power, and we come away empty-handed. The rapid life of business rushes us along day after day. We have no time for doctrinal decisions. We can't stop to work out *all* the world's problems. Our lives have certain definite impacts. The message of the Church can help us make them right by putting power and spirit into us. This isn't done by a long string of negatives.

I shall continue to feel that the question "What's wrong with the churches?" is justifiable until I begin to hear the voice which comes from lips touched by live coals from off the altar of affirmation. I think the preachers have "passed the buck" to me long enough. I'm going to pass it back to them, and keep praying.

# WINTER TWILIGHT

## BY DAVID MORTON

LET us be still where this blue twilight falls,
With crumbling shadows on the hills of snow,
For here, within these thin and wavering walls,
There is a quiet that our hearts would know.
These stars are older and the dusk more wide
Than any little day we call our own,
And twilight passes like a moving tide
That leaves us hushed, so strangely and alone.

And we will turn, now, though the hills be calling,
And look below us where the dark sifts down,
For there is naught more lovely than this falling
Of noiseless shadows through the steepled town,
This gathered stillness in the listening air,
And stars like tender words, they are so fair.

# WHEN "MA'AM BID" GAVE A DANCE IN THE GRAVEYARD

## BY FLORENCE R. LIVESAY

THEY call her "the old Queen" in my part of the world, in Ontario—that old, old lady who lives in a house with gravestones all about her. Some say she is one hundred and twenty; she can't be far from that. She was the first white girl child born among the pioneers in that district, and her parents got a hundred acres from the Queen on her account, and that's why she gets the name. Well, she grew up and married, and she had sons who are now old men, if they are still living. And she gave her hundred acres to the Roman Catholic Church for a graveyard. But she struck a bargain first. She was to have her house on the lot just as long as she wanted to live there.

Of course at first there weren't many graves about her, but they came thick and thick in the long years, and she never minded at all, but seemed to find them company. "Ma'am Bid," they called her, sons and daughters of the real Irish from Tralee, and she's wonderful to this day, smoking her short clay pipe as she always did; talks Gaelic to those who can understand her and has a dog and chickens to speak to as friends.

The farmers in the neighborhood cut up wood for her and leave it at her door, and a great time she has receiving visitors, and little she cares if her old homespun skirt is on the line or a queer bulging chemise of coarse linen—she's proud to be able to do her bit of washing yet. To Riverston folks from town come often, just on purpose to stop at her door and go up the lane among the tombs on foot. And fine she thinks of how they all have to do that same when they enter for the last time and leave all their grand possessions. But as for herself, I'm doubting if she worries over the day she'll go out of her door for the last time. She won't have far to go. And she has the spot marked out where she is to lie.

Three years ago it was I went to the dance she gave for the farmers who look after her—a habit she had every year when she felt the time was ready for it and she equal to it. The house is tiny enough, to be sure, but you can stand a good many people around the walls of the different rooms, and when the fiddlers are playing you don't want to miss the party, I can tell you. The old folk—and they live to be real old in our country—they did the grand chain in style and made courtly bows as they learned how in their young days (and light feet

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they had), and Ma'am Bid danced too. She kissed every one that came in and said: "Faix, it's welcome ye are; do be enj'ying yourselves now." She made the tea in a big boiler, and I mind yet how the cover was jumping and clattering with the fire she had under it in the crazy old stove, and it smoking like mad. One girl from town turned up her nose because she brought a loaf of bread in a clean nightgown from a bureau drawer; but it was none the worse for that, but had been put there for safe keeping out of the dust. All the rest of the things were brought by the farmers themselves—bags of cookies and such like.

The priest was there for a bit, having a game of cards, but, as was proper for him to do, he made for the door early. And Ma'am Bid stepped quick after him and caught him by the skirts of his soutane and cried, "Your Riverince won't be going without your cup of tay?" And he laughed, being a jolly sort, and came back.

Ma'am Bid wore a mutch on her head and a calico dress that swept the floor, bordered with a bright color. The old folks tell me that once in her younger days she came into the church in a bonnet, with her black hair in curls about her neck, and the other women craned to have a look at her, thinking "she was from Ameriky," for all in those parts covered their heads with the mutches in those days. Well, at the party all she heard was the old folk saying, "Many's the good time we've had in this old house!" And she'd say: "Faix, and that's true for yez; but we're alive yet and ready for a jig still, mind thot!" She is the wonderful woman. I like old people, and I like to hear them talk of the old days if I can understand their lingo.

If you go to see her alone, she'll talk maybe about the scandalous ways the girls of to-day are dressing. And she couldn't get over one girl who came in low neck to the party. "It's a cursed house she came from!" For that's what the old Irish in our parts think; they're very strict about such things.

There are other names for our villages on the map of Ontario, but these are the names our people go by: County Cork (which is a settlement) and County Kerry and County Derryman. And nearly every one is related to some one else, so it isn't safe to talk too much about your neighbors. There's not many left in the settlements of the real old folk—the old ladies my mother knew as a child when my granny kept house, or sat, when she grew old, in her rocker by the window, wearing a mutch and smoking a pipe. My, but the old ladies were well looked after and had the good times!

You see, in the old land they lived on the banks of the Lake of Killarney, and they had jokes to crack with one another of the boatmen on that lake and the fun they had as girls. Yes, and they wanted to talk to each other in Gaelic about the evictions and lords and ladies in Ireland and the Little People and such like things. My great-grandmother made a runaway match at night on horseback, and then came to this country sooner or later. Her father was a Chancery Court man. I don't rightly know what position he had, but he was the only one that could keep his hat on in court, whatever that means. She was the first woman to bring a corn broom into the settlement, and her husband made the first coffins. And hers was the first buggy made in those parts. So large and fine the buggy was, with lamps low down, the way the lords had them in Ireland, and she'd lend the buggy to all the newly married couples to take them from church. And before she died she made a great fuss for one more ride in it, they tell me.

Well, you see, the women were all like sisters in those days. And they worked hard. The weaver's wife used to go to Rothsay to get the wool for the settlement and carry it home on her shoulders, so that the spinning might get done. Well, the old ladies, when my mother kept house, used to meet at her place or somewheres every few months or so and have a dance—eight of them maybe living on the same Line. Oftenest they met at my mother's house. "Ma'am Jude" and "Brida" and the rest I've heard tell of, each one would come, driven by her "old man," and when the husbands had gone the old women would spin; perhaps wool for a gray stocking, or make a coat of Irish "Bargan cloth," whatever that is—it looks like blanket stuff. But mostly they sat idle and just talked. And outside our house there would be a keg of beer and plenty of whisky. And they'd smoke their clay pipes and talk in Gaelic, as I said, and then they'd be calling for the music for to dance. And a hired man would bring his fiddle, and how they would dance! My mother said they had light feet enough, old as they were, sashaying to the music of the fiddle in their clean calico gowns and white mutches.

Such big hooks as there were on their dresses—you'd laugh to see the size of them; we have one of granny's dresses in the attic. You know, when they die the old people hand over most of their clothes to their friends, the old people living then. And they think—I know the Queen does, for she told me so, and it's an old belief—that when they come to die it's back to Ireland they'll go first, and it's there the dead and gone will welcome them. It wouldn't be heaven they'd be wanting till they'd seen Ireland first. And they look for the old crowd to welcome them, just as Ma'am Bid does when she comes to the door of her house in the graveyard and says: "Faix, it's welcome ye are—do ye be enj'ying yourselves now—it's the grand times we did be having in this old place."

"THE OLD QUEEN" OR "MA'AM BID"

*A PRIZE CONTEST*

## WHAT BOOKS MEAN TO ME

DO you still find time to read books or is the pressure of modern life keeping them chained to their neglected shelves? Do you re-read the books that used to hold you, or has their fascination dwindled? Do you read the classics? Have the moderns torn you away from the old standards? What of the adventures of your spirit among books? For the best brief essays on the above general subject, we will award

*a first prize of $40*
*a second prize of $25*
*a third prize of $15*

Tell us frankly what your books mean to you. How did you form the habit of reading? What book made the first big impression on you? Is your reading general in scope or has it narrowed down to some special interest? Do you read more than you used to, or less? How many volumes do you actually read in a year? Are books ever read aloud in your home? These questions are merely offered to start you ruminating on this subject; it isn't necessary to answer them specifically. What we want are your candid and authentic impressions.

*Conditions of Contest*

1. Write your name (add a pen name, if you like, for publication) and address in the upper left-hand corner of your letter.
2. All letters must be typewritten on one side of the paper only.
3. Limit your letter to 500 words of average length.
4. Your letter, to be eligible, must reach us on or before March 5, 1923.
5. We reserve the right to purchase for publication desirable letters not winning prizes.
6. Unavailable letters will not be returned.
7. The staff of The Outlook will be the judges.

*Address all letters to Contest Editor,*
THE OUTLOOK COMPANY,
381 Fourth Avenue, New York

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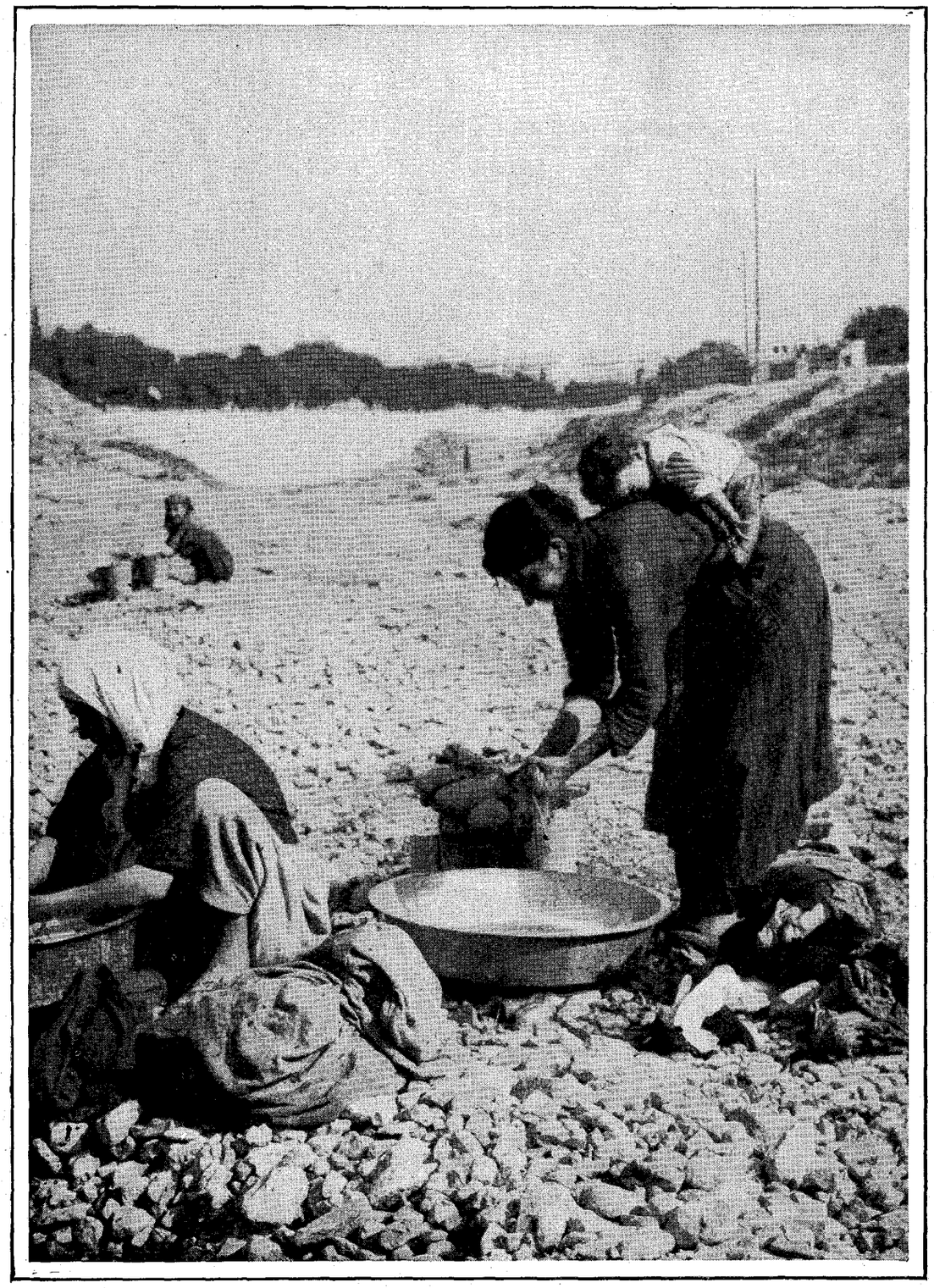
# IN THE PATH OF THE EXILES



ARMENIAN REFUGEES IN GREECE—AN ARMENIAN WOMAN DOING THE DAY'S WASH, WHILE HER BABY, TIED FIRMLY ON HER BACK WITH TWO STRANDS OF ROPE, SLEEPS CONTENTEDLY DURING THE PROCESS

From G. L. Berry, Geneva, Switzerland

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# THE BOOK TABLE

## HALF A DOZEN ENJOYABLE STORIES

WHAT does the "big public" call for in a novel? This question was asked in a recent letter to the "Book Table." There isn't any answer; unless by the way in which the typical Yankee is said to answer one question by asking two others. What is the big public? What mood are readers in? What is it to enjoy a book? There are several "big publics" and several publics which are not big, but which are important because they represent culture and imagination rather than numbers. Each of these publics, big or little, is attracted by what appeals especially to it, and it is quite impossible to say in advance that any particular attribute or any particular combination of attributes would certainly interest the big public. Thus the big public at one time may be taken by that which made Jack London virile and forceful; at another time it may be taken by the satirical vein of realism that the author of "Mr. Babbitt" possesses; or again by the charm of a quiet study of personality and country, as in "Maria Chapdelaine;" or still another time by the sincere sentiment that just avoids sentimentalism that we find in "If Winter Comes." On the Book Table to-day are half a dozen brand-new novels which have interested me decidedly, but for different reasons.

Philip Gibbs—one notes with pleasure that he does not exploit his "Sir"—has by his title[1] and his plan cleverly tied the drama of the stress and turmoil of the last two years to the passionate feelings of individual men and women who are suffering or striving, hating or hoping, under those conditions.

Bertram finds the middle of the road "a damned lonely place," as some one told him he would. His nature won't let him be a partisan. Yet he is neither indifferent nor argumentative. He sees clearly, he feels deeply, he is immensely receptive of impression. He has been an efficient officer and knew the war from staff table as well as from the trenches; his wife is a glittering, fashionable, "hard-boiled Tory;" his two closest friends are a Communist woman and a Socialist man; his Sinn Fein brother-in-law is hanged for "murder;" his brother, a Black and Tan officer, is shot from ambush by Sinn Feiners; he sees after-the-war life in Paris, Berlin, Moscow, and the starvation regions of Russia. Everywhere he finds sorrow and tragedy and no road out.

The author never has had any hesitation at hurting the sensitive nerve of his reader. Like the dentist, he pains that reader for his own good. What we see from this "Middle of the Road" is horror, but not despair. One recognizes the picture as the truth, but not the whole truth.

[1] The Middle of the Road. By Philip Gibbs. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

It should be added that the people in the story are very much alive, and that the action is quick and sharp, with one realistic scene following close on the heels of another. There is a forcedly happy ending, in which Bertram regains his wife's love. I am sorry for him, because I had been fully convinced by the author that she was not worthy of him—nor of any one else!

Different indeed is the kind of interest one feels in the quiet and gently witty romance[2] by "Elizabeth" of "German Garden" fame. Its scene is a lovely Italian castle where four Englishwomen (practically strangers to one another) undertake a month of rest and pleasure, "share and share." Two of them have escaped by subterfuge from their not too appreciative husbands and from the "inflamed sore dreariness" of domestic life. One of them "sees" things come true, and so they do. There are all the elements of discord in this *ménage à quatre*, but we find San Salvatore always working its spell of happiness. Not that this is a "glad" book; it is full of clever, ironic bits of talk and a vein of delicate wit. But the tone is fanciful, the situation pleasingly fantastic, the hits at poor human nature kindly and not caustic, as in some of the author's previous work. The tale is slight, but if the "big public" is in just the right frame of mind it will find much that is admirable and charming in this little book.

Mr. Fielding-Hall's story[3] has a romantic title. When I add that it describes a honeymoon in which bride and groom float on a raft over the waters of an Eastern river, the prospective reader fears (or hopes) that the book has more honey than brains. Not so, at all; the situation and the oddly assorted characters who pop in and out of the book in an engagingly disorderly way furnish fine illustrative material for a fictional study of the problem of marriage. Not a precisely novel subject, to be sure, but it is carried on in an original way. The author's conclusions add nothing colossally important to the world's belief that the way to get along is to get along. Perhaps his best assistance is in showing by this book that a judicious admixture of sentiment, experience, and intelligence is not a bad recipe either for a novel or for a honeymoon.

Miss Macaulay's sense of humor is never more evident than when in her Introduction she gently chides reviewers for suspecting her of irony and declares that this[4] is a simple mystery story. The laugh comes when, a few pages later, we read that France would like to have the League of Nations moved to Paris—she thinks "it would be safer there." Of the many quotable passages in the story almost all are gently and suavely sardonic. On the other hand, I just forget *why* the leaders of the League were kidnapped one by one, although the process has much ingenuity and more hidden passages than "The Mysteries of Udolpho." There are several clever and hardly disguised portraits of eminent statesmen and others. There is abundance of entertainment in the book to those who forget that they must not look for irony. Miss Macaulay's publishers are quite right in announcing the book as "searchingly satirical."

[2] The Enchanted April. By "Elizabeth." Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.90.

[3] Love's Legend. By H. Fielding-Hall. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

[4] The Mystery at Geneva. By Rose Macaulay. Boni & Liveright, New York. $1.75.

"The Snare"[5] was written long before Mr. Sabatini made his great success with "Scaramouche," and indeed was then published in this country, but did not, we fancy, score the success it certainly deserves. It is a marked exception from the rule that early novels republished after a big success are hardly worth while. This is a capital tale, with action, character drawing (but the men are much better than the women), suspense, and an interesting historical background in Wellington's Spanish Peninsular campaign, where he laid a deadly snare for the French invaders. Sabatini is one of the very few modern romancers who can make stirring history help instead of hindering a thrilling personal tale of love and adventure.

The new novel by the author of "The Heretic"[6] is a somber but strong book which has in Silas a hardy, implacable, and repellent leading character. He drives his wife into the arms of a man they both despise; and when later he comes to love their daughter as if she were his own he is punished by the kidnapping of the girl by her own father. There is good local Devonshire color, and the peasant talk is carefully rendered, though sometimes hard to understand.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

[5] The Snare. By Rafael Sabatini. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

[6] Silas Braunton. By J. Mills Whitham. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

## THE NEW BOOKS

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

**SIGNIFICANCE OF THE FINE ARTS (THE).** By C. Howard Walker, Ralph Adams Cram, H. Van Buren Magonigle, Paul P. Cret, Lorado Taft, Bryson Burroughs, Huger Elliott, Frederick Law Olmsted, Edward H. Bennett, Thomas Whitney Surette. Illustrated. The Marshall Jones Company, Boston. $3.50.

This book, published in furtherance of a campaign to awaken public appreciation and understanding of the fine arts, presents a condensed yet adequate review of the history and tendencies of the arts, with the largest space given to architecture. It is distinctly helpful and inspiring, the work of well-informed



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specialists who know how to put their thoughts in untechnical language. The wide circulation of the book is to be desired, not only among thoughtful students of the arts, but in reading clubs, societies for municipal improvement, and generally among Americans who have aspiration and vision for the great things that are to be developed with their help during the coming years.

**STATUES OF NEW YORK.** By J. Sanford Saltus and Walter E. Tisné. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5.

Any disappointment the reader may feel in looking at the statuary illustrated in this volume will be removed by the reading of the valuable Introduction by Mr. Tisné, in which he sets forth the history of New York City's statues and of the municipal interest in and care for this form of art. The running comments on the statues, accompanying the reproductions, are judicious and informative. The photographs are mostly creditable—sometimes more so than the statues, though it is pleasant to note that of late years a higher standard of sculptural work has been seen in the statues erected.

BIOGRAPHY

**MY EXPERIENCES AT SCOTLAND YARD.** By Basil Thomson. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.50.

Sir Basil Thomson has had a varied career; he is a son of the late Archbishop Thomson, of York, is an Eton and Oxford man, has lived in the South Sea Islands—and indeed was once Prime Minister of Tonga. Most of his life in England has been in the public service; he has been governor of two great English prisons, where he had unique opportunities to study criminal human nature; in 1913 he became Chief of the Scotland Yard Criminal Investigation Bureau—that is, he was the head of the whole British Secret Service. His activities during the Great War and in Ireland were extraordinary and his responsibilities heavy in the extreme.

Sir Basil has made a notably interesting book about crime and criminals; it is in turns exciting and amusing. The war experiences especially are singular; we are told of real spies and foolish spy myths, of the way in which the German intelligence department was outwitted from first to last, and of many curious incidents not heretofore known. The book is authoritative and readable.

POETRY

**SONGS AND MORE SONGS OF THE GLENS OF ANTRIM.** By Moira O'Neill. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

This little volume contains the whole of the slender and substantial contribution made to contemporary Irish verse by one of the most authentic of modern Irish poets. "Moira O'Neill" published in 1900 a little book of twenty-five poems under the title of "Songs of the Glens of Antrim," which told of a peasant's longing for his native glens and their beauty. This was in the plastic, rhythmic language of the Antrim peasantry, and the verses moved to the cadence of songs in truly lyric fashion. Subsequently the poet, Mrs. Nesta Higginson Skrine, removed with her husband to the Canadian Northwest, whence came some years ago another volume of songs, equally lovely, and again expressing the familiar nostalgia. In the present volume the two books are brought together and some songs of the Northwest and a few translations from the Italian added.

The charm and the loveliness of "Moira O'Neill's" verse is largely in its lyric quality, in its exceeding simplicity and unsophistication, in its resemblance to true folk-song. The quality is best revealed by a quotation from the most popular of her poems, the one most frequently reprinted in anthologies, a poem entitled "Corrymeela:"

Over here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the live-long day;
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!
Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

There's a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the heavy trees,
This livin' air is moithered wi' the bummin' o' the bees;
I wish I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' through the heat
Past Corrymeela wi' the blue sky over it.

The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,
There's not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in his shoes!
I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child,
Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.

The quotation indicates something of the lilting cadence, the simple emotion, and the naïve, vivid, and homely phrase which are characteristic of her poetry at its best. There is very little not of that best in the present volume, a book to be read and cherished by every lover of good verse, and of good Irish verse in particular.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

**TOCSIN OF REVOLT (THE).** By Brander Matthews. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

Professor Matthews, always a writer of urbanity and charm, has collected in this volume fifteen characteristic essays in familiar vein. The most interesting concerns his "Memories of Mark Twain;" the most entertaining deal with "The Gentle Art of Repartee," "The Length of Cleopatra's Nose," and "American Aphorisms;" the most personal are "The Tocsin of Revolt" and "What Is American Literature?"

The volume reveals that special distinction which is ordinarily to be found in Professor Matthews's essays, and which proceeds from the combination of scholarship, sophistication, and felicity of phrase. The essays are, in other words, the reflective expressions of a writer who fuses peculiarly the erudition of the scholar, the worldly wisdom of a cultivated gentleman, and the verbal facility of the man of letters. For all his scholarship, Professor Matthews is never narrowly academic. He is at his best when writing about the friendships of his long career, or his special interests, such as the theater, or in criticism of the writers of the past. His memories of his contemporaries in an elder generation are invariably intimate and usually worthy of recollection.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

**VILLAS OF FLORENCE AND TUSCANY.** By Harold Donaldson Eberlein. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $15.

This handsome book will delight alike the architect, the lover of Italy, and the reader who appreciates good photography and good printing. The author has made a careful study of many beautiful Italian villas, and presents them to the reader through text, plans, and numerous photographs taken by himself. The charm and dignity of these fine residences make one long for the development of a similarly characteristic style in American residential architecture. A study of this volume will help to bring nearer that day of jubilee.

**WHAT CIVILIZATION OWES TO ITALY.** By James J. Walsh. The Stratford Company, Boston. $5.

A comprehensive résumé of Italy's contributions to the world's enlightenment, written by an enthusiastic admirer of Italian art, letters, and science. The book is popular in its treatment and is illustrated by numerous photographs.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

**AGRICULTURAL BLOC (THE).** By Arthur Capper. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $1.25.

**DEVELOPMENT OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE (THE).** By Howard Robinson. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.75.

**HISTORY OF AMERICAN RED CROSS NURSING.** By Lavinia L. Dock, Sarah Elizabeth Pickett, Clara D. Noyes, Fannie F. Clement, Elizabeth G. Fox, Anna R. Van Meter. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. $5.

**HISTORY OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE (THE).** Vols. V and VI. By Ida Husted Harper. Illustrated. National American Woman Suffrage Association. Sheepskin, $9. Cloth, $7.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

**BRAZILIAN LITERATURE.** By Isaac Goldberg. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $3.

**CRITICAL GAME (THE).** By John Macy. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

**EARLHAM.** By Percy Lubbock. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

**OLD CASTLE (AN) AND OTHER ESSAYS.** By Caleb T. Winchester. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

**OUR NEIGHBORS.** By Annie Marion MacLean. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

**SOME IMPRESSIONS OF MY ELDERS.** By St. John G. Ervine. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.25.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

**ART OF PREACHING (THE).** By Dean Charles R. Brown. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

**BOY JESUS AND HIS COMPANIONS (THE).** By Rufus M. Jones. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

**CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF PEACE, THE.** Edited by James Hastings. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $4.

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## CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

THE name of Katherine Mayo is familiar to our readers because of the dramatic and readable stories of the State Police which she has contributed to these pages. She is the author of three books—"Justice to All," "The Standard Bearers," and "Mounted Justice," which deal with the organization and work of the State Troopers of Pennsylvania and New York. She is also the author of "That Damn 'Y,'" a record of the work of the Y. M. C. A. during the war.

GENERAL JAY J. MORROW is a graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point and is an officer in the Engineering Corps of the Regular Army. Among his other military duties he has served as instructor in military engineering at West Point. He has also served in the Philippines, where he was Military Governor of one of the provinces. In the European War he achieved high distinction. He has been Governor of the Panama Canal since March, 1921. He is a brother of Dwight Morrow, a well-known lawyer of New York City, who is now a member of J. P. Morgan & Co. and who was decorated by General Pershing for his services in connection with military shipping matters.

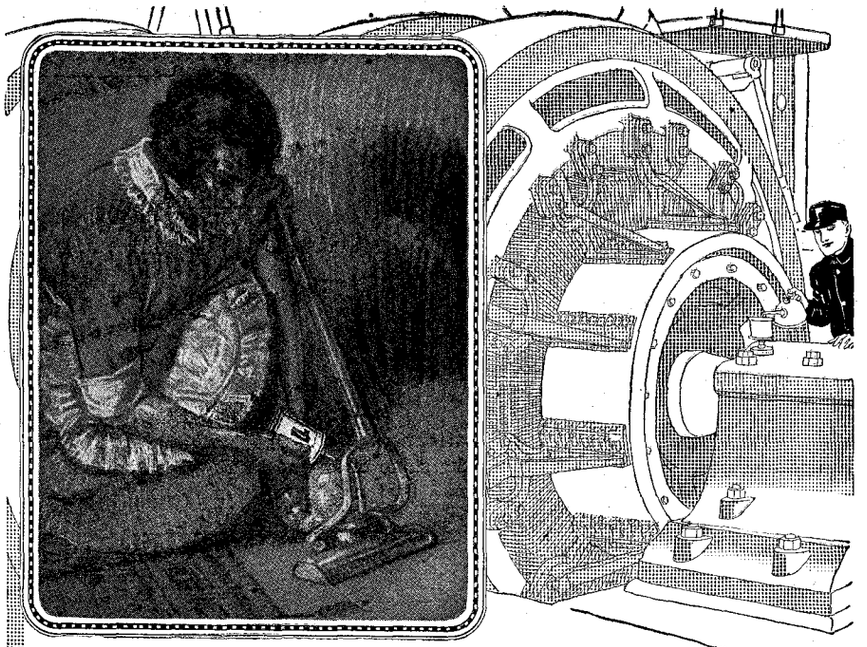
DAVID MORTON is a teacher of English in the high school of Morristown, New Jersey. He is the author of "Ships in Harbour" and has established a firm place among the younger poets as a sonneteer.

FLORENCE R. LIVESAY has been interested for many years in the new citizens of her native country. If we are not mistaken, she received the first impetus towards her work of translating Ukrainian poetry from the emigrants from the Ukraine who were her neighbors. She will be remembered as the translator of "Songs of Ukraina," published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

EDWIN W. HULLINGER has just returned from Russia, where he served as correspondent for the United Press.

MARY LORD MASON lives in New York, and is the wife of Daniel Gregory Mason, Associate Professor of Music at Columbia University, composer, and lecturer on music.

FULLERTON WALDO'S sketches of the pioneer life along the Mackenzie River which have lately appeared in The Outlook will shortly be published by the Macmillan Company in an illustrated volume entitled "Down the Mackenzie Through the Great Lone Land."

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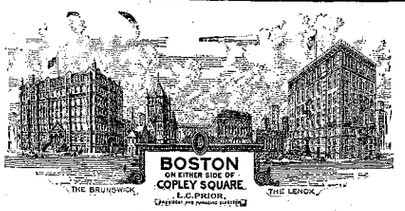


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# FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

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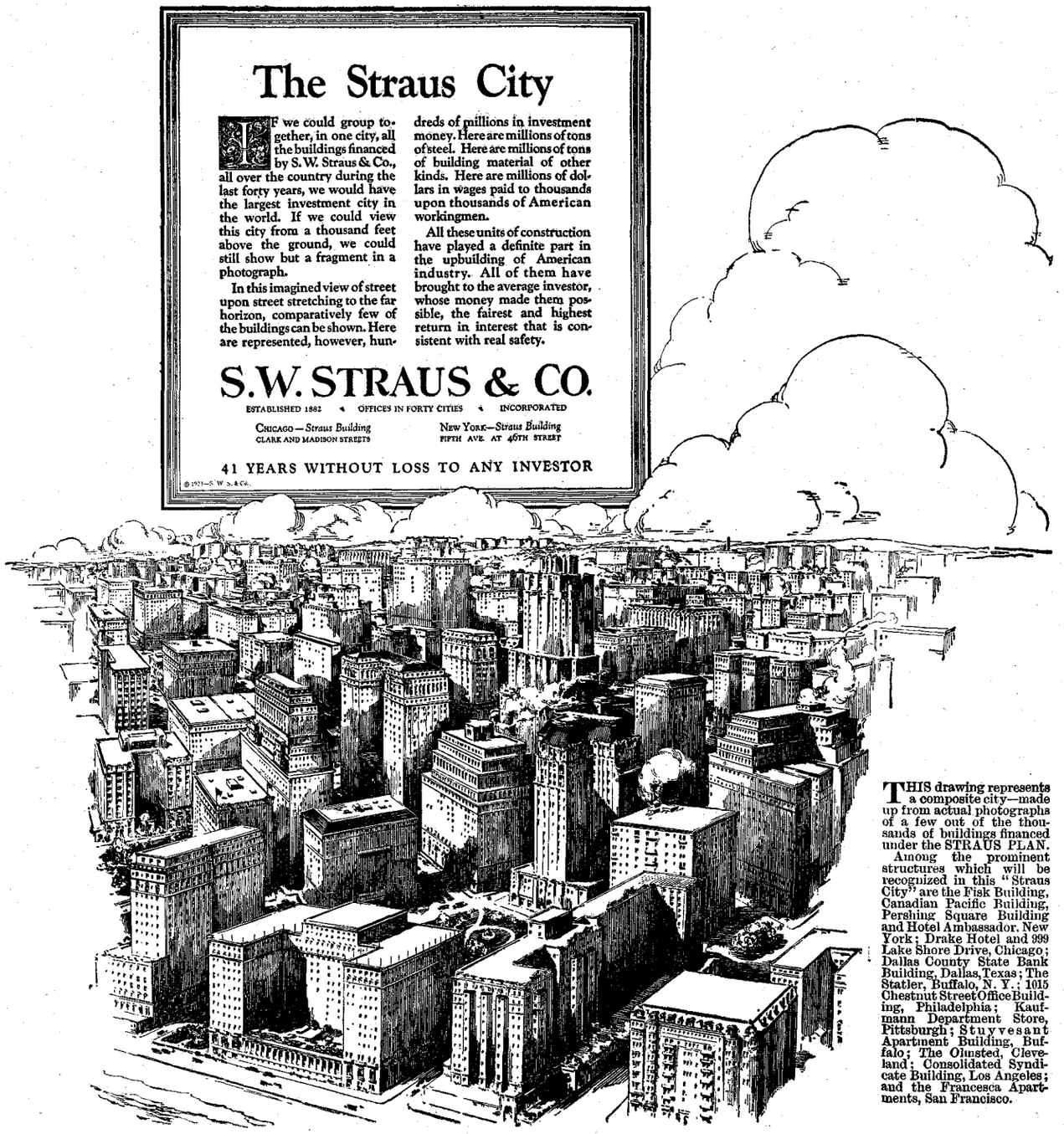
FREQUENTLY one hears a remark like this: "The kind of investments I want are those that you can put away and forget; ones you don't have to worry about or trouble with; just cash in the interest or dividends."

All very lovely, but it doesn't work out that way. Investing money is a business, and, like any business, requires attention—and, what is more, intelligent attention. Many people don't think so, and they are probably the same ones who think that any fool can be a successful farmer, that a farm will in some strange and mysterious way run itself. It's a curious thing. Yet how many of us know men who will work and slave in their offices and factories, economize in every conceivable way, try desperately to save the pennies in order that the dollars may accumulate—and then what do they do with the dollars? Well, they "invest" them in something they know practically nothing about, or buy something which they believe to be good, and then they put it away and forget about it. Only too frequently the receipt of notice about a stockholders' or



The Straus City
IF we could group together, in one city, all the buildings financed by S. W. Straus & Co., all over the country during the last forty years, we would have the largest investment city in the world. If we could view this city from a thousand feet above the ground, we could still show but a fragment in a photograph.
In this imagined view of street upon street stretching to the far horizon, comparatively few of the buildings can be shown. Here are represented, however, hundreds of millions in investment money. Here are millions of tons of steel. Here are millions of tons of building material of other kinds. Here are millions of dollars in wages paid to thousands upon thousands of American workingmen.
All these units of construction have played a definite part in the upbuilding of American industry. All of them have brought to the average investor, whose money made them possible, the fairest and highest return in interest that is consistent with real safety.
S.W. STRAUS & CO.
ESTABLISHED 1882 OFFICES IN FORTY CITIES INCORPORATED
CHICAGO—Straus Building CLARK AND MADISON STREETS
NEW YORK—Straus Building FIFTH AVE. AT 46TH STREET
41 YEARS WITHOUT LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR

THIS drawing represents a composite city—made up from actual photographs of a few out of the thousands of buildings financed under the STRAUS PLAN.

Among the prominent structures which will be recognized in this "Straus City" are the Fisk Building, Canadian Pacific Building, Pershing Square Building and Hotel Ambassador, New York; Drake Hotel and 999 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago; Dallas County State Bank Building, Dallas, Texas; The Statler, Buffalo, N. Y.; 1015 Chestnut Street Office Building, Philadelphia; Kaufmann Department Store, Pittsburgh; Stuyvesant Apartment Building, Buffalo; The Olmsted, Cleveland; Consolidated Syndicate Building, Los Angeles; and the Francesca Apartments, San Francisco.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bondholders' protective committee acts as a reminder.

It is just as illogical to put investments away and forget about them as it would be to buy a new machine for a factory and expect it to run itself. Yet many men who would question the sanity of any one suggesting the latter do the former every month of their lives.

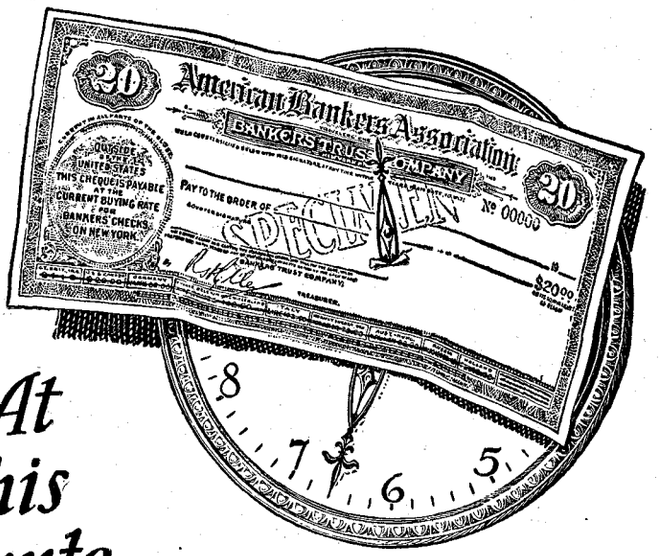
Everything that we can think of in connection with our modern civilization requires attention. And the point to keep in mind is that a thing worth denying one's self for, worth working and saving for, is worth looking after when once you have it.

Surely, it will be objected, United States Government bonds require no looking after. Not from the standpoint of safety, perhaps; but many people who sold their Liberties when they were off ten points and more from their original purchase price would never have done so if they had been closely in touch with the situation. And many more would have purchased them at the low figures and had a handsome profit now if they had been alert.

There are many reasons besides possible profit which make it expedient for one to watch his investments. Conditions are constantly changing in the world of finance as well as in the realm of business and politics; and business and politics have an influence on finance. Many of these changes affect investments, some favorably and some adversely, and investors should know about them. Many owners of French bonds are disturbed by the political conditions in Europe; many of them are on the verge of selling them and taking a considerable loss. Certainly no one will deny that the situation in Europe is disturbing, and if a man cannot afford to face the risks involved he had better not be concerned in it financially. If he is willing to share the risks with France that is a different matter. In any event, the owner of such securities is a foolish man if he puts them away and forgets about them.

How many examples there are of securities considered gilt edge a few years ago which to-day are classed with the speculations. We know of one company whose stock and bond issues were bought freely ten years ago by conservative bankers for women and people dependent upon their incomes; to-day no dividends are being paid on either class of stock and most of the bonds have fallen into disrepute. Yet only a few short years ago these securities seemed decidedly of the type which people buy to put away and forget about. It is to be hoped the owners did not follow that course. Outside circumstances and what possibly may be termed bad judgment on the part of the management were responsible for the trouble.

Who in business can guard against certain outside circumstances? Could the president of a company be blamed if he failed to foresee the Great War? Who could blame any management which did not know that two years from now a strike might cripple their busi-


*At This Minute*

—a traveler in Japan is settling a hotel bill with an official travelers' cheque of the American Bankers Association.

—a woman in Paris is buying a hat on Rue de la Paix with an A·B·A Cheque.

—here at home a returning traveler is paying a customs official with A·B·A Cheques,—the *only* travel cheques accepted by the United States Government in payment of duties.

—at a roadside garage in California a motorist is using an A·B·A Cheque to buy gasoline.

—on an Atlantic liner a passenger is paying the purser with A·B·A Cheques.

***At this minute,*** in all parts of the world, A·B·A Cheques are smoothing the financial pathway for many thousands of travelers.

**A·B·A American Bankers Association Cheques**

**—"TRAVEL MONEY"**

*are as handsome as bank-notes, safer than money, more convenient than letters of credit; they identify you the wide world over. With A·B·A Cheques you are independent of banks and banking hours.*

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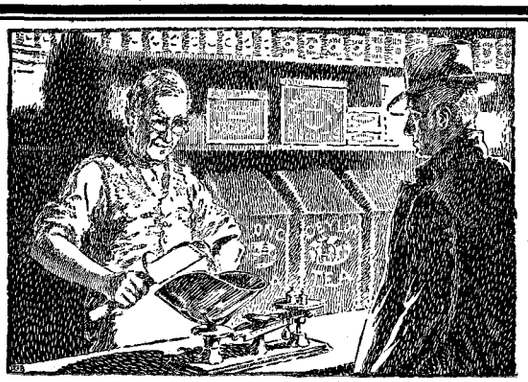

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*Resources More Than $500,000,000*



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THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York


FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
(*Continued*)

ness so badly that it would require half a decade to recover? An unexpected change in the Tariff Law might break or make a company. The general credit situation and the price of money might seriously affect a business. Who can foresee or control these various circumstances? Yet securities, in particular or in general, might conceivably be so affected by any one of them as to make it advisable for the owners to dispose of them or to make a change.

A change in management may make all the difference in the world to the value of an investment. A good business poorly managed has small chance of success; and how many businesses are there which come under the classification of "one-man concerns"? One man, two men, or a small group of men may be entirely responsible for the prosperity of a company, and if the one man


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How often have you asked that question as you figured up your income and outgo, only to find that all your firm resolutions to save money had once more been wrecked! And you realize, too, that time is passing and that if you are ever to accumulate money you must make a start.

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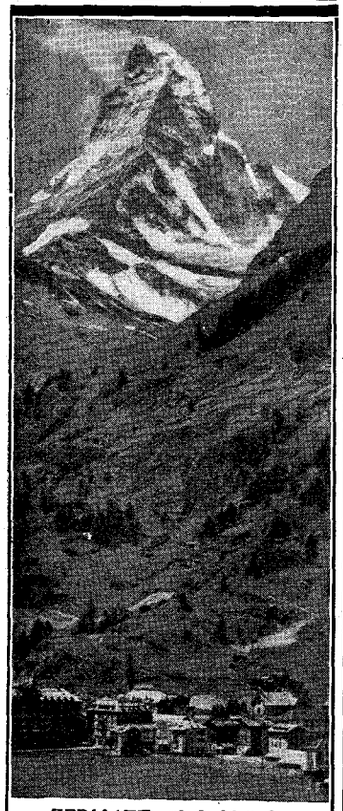
## Tours and Travel



*ZERMATT with the Matterhorn*

# SWITZERLAND

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**GENEVA** with its classical lake, ever attractive and interesting as a resting place and excursion centre, combines beauty, wealth and intellect, and is a university town of world renown.

Then **ZERMATT**, at the foot of the Matterhorn, exquisite as a high Alpine health resort, conveniently reached via the wonderful Loetschberg railway. **LUCERNE**, the "Mecca" of all tourists; its loveliness proverbial, its variety of sports and amusements most interesting. The starting point for excursions in Central Switzerland. **LUGANO**, in the Swiss-Italian lake district, a paradise of flowers basking in perennial sunshine, an unforgettable trip via the electrified St. Gothard line, famed for its scenic grandeur.

**THE GRISONS** with its 150 valleys, and the famous Engadine, is an Alpine wonderland. Its unique climate with powerful solar radiation, its excellent cures and opportunities for all sports have made its *St. Moritz, Davos, Arosa, Pontresina*, and *Flims* most appealing as all-year-round resorts. **TARASP-VULPERA**, in the lower Engadine, offers a marvelous Alpine climate, while the variety and medicinal values of its waters are not approached by any European watering place. Also intellectual **ZÜRICH**, the country's metropolis; and, nearby, with its wonderful setting of parks and woodlands, the watering place of **SCHINZNACH**, and its curative sulphur springs.

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England, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Italy. Sailing July 5. $725. The best things to see and the best way to see them

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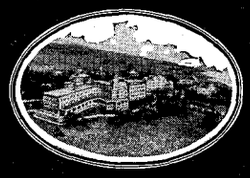

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*Columbia Mortgage Company Building*

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NEW YORK CITY

## FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

*(Continued)*

dies, or the two men move away, or the group is broken up, what of their successors? Will he or they be able to carry on? Certainly any one who buys into such a business should keep himself well informed about the management.

All sorts of things affect a company's earnings, and stocks—common stocks in particular—are largely dependent for their value upon earnings. Earnings are bound to fluctuate, and the wise stockholder does not forget about his stock. Suppose too that a corporation finds itself in need of additional capital and is obliged to put out a large issue of bonds in order to raise the required amount; interest is a charge ahead of dividends and may affect the earning value of the stock. It would be prudent policy to know about this.

We do not by any means mean to say that a security holder should worry constantly about what is happening to his investments. But he should keep in touch with them in proportion to their investment standing. The widow who owns only the highest-grade securities has had these purchased for her because she has neither the knowledge nor means required to watch them, and securities are generally rated according to the watching they require. The "gilt edge" security should require very little attention; the business man's investment is one with which the owner should be in frequent touch; and the speculation requires the very closest watching.

Many people make a practice of having a banker, duly qualified, go over their list of investments at stated intervals and have the weak spots attended to, just as they have themselves examined regularly by an oculist, a dentist, and a physician. And many investors consider this regular examination no more than a prudent precaution against changing conditions and possible loss. The man who puts his securities away and forgets about them, however, is like a man who does not believe in insurance; but some day he may come home and find his house burned to the ground and his money gone up in smoke. We do not wish to give it out as our opinion that investing is a risky and troublesome business only for the initiated; but we do believe that, like all human inventions, it is not perfect; and, though to invest money is the best thing to do with it that we know, it is well to keep in touch with what is going on.

## QUESTION AND ANSWER

Q. Can you give me the name and address of the receiver for the Manhattan Piggly Wiggly Corporation, and also tell me what progress is being made in settling the affairs of this concern?

A. The receiver is Percival Wilds, 2 Rector Street, New York City. Until the receiver makes a report and the present litigation in the courts is settled it is impossible to give any definite information.


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## SITUATIONS WANTED

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TRAVELING companion. — Teacher and traveler, experienced woman, best references, seeks engagement June 1. 3,313, Outlook.

COLLEGE STUDENT—Young man desires position as companion or tutor with family to travel in Europe this summer. Knowledge of foreign languages. Best of references. 3,314, Outlook.

LADY desires position for the summer as traveling companion. References. 3,323, Outlook.

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EDUCATED, experienced woman desires care of normal or backward children. 3,318, Outlook.

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## SITUATIONS WANTED

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